OCT 29 1947

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

Vol. XXXIV. No. 866. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 281
THE COMINFORM 283
A DAY WITH THE TORIES. By Maurice Edelman, M.P. 283
COLONIAL POLICY UNDER A LABOUR GOVERNMENT. By Graham Hough 284
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 285
CRACKERS. By Sagittarius 286
THIS ENGLAND 286
IMPRESSIONS OF HAMBURG—II. By H. N. Brailsford 286
THE GYPSIES AND WORLD POLITICS. By Erwin Terry 287
THE END OF THE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE. By William McElwee 288
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
At the Mayor Gallery. By Patrick Heron . 288
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 289
The Theatre. By Rayner Heppenstall . . 289
THE UNWANTED. By C. Day Lewis . . 289
CORRESPONDENCE 289
From Michael Katanka; D. M. Sen; Roger North; P. J. Finn; A. A. Pallis; Harold Binns; and Norman Cameron.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Graham Greene . 292
REVIEWS:
The Devil. By V. S. Pritchett . . . 293
A Country Ramble. By Anthony West . 294
Nineteenth-century Politics. By Roger Fulford 294
Critics' Autobiographies. By Walter Allen . 295
The Afghan Border. By Francis Watson . 295
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 296
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 298

A FABIAN COLLECTIVE

THE Premier has constructed a Government which has important new elements and which is closely in accord with his own personality and his own brand of Socialism. On the Home Front, the old type of working-class leader gives way to the disinterested expert who has studied Keynes. Mr. Attlee has greatly increased his stock of administrative ability without shifting the balance towards the Left. Indeed the new Government, though much more "intellectual" than its predecessor, is slightly to the Right of it, and, psychologically, considerably more remote from the Labour Movement. The country will probably be ruled more efficiently this winter than last; but there is a danger that the working class may come to think of this Government not as "us" but as "them."

This is not to say that the Prime Minister has failed to strengthen his team. The excised wood was mostly very dead; and the new men—there are no women—are undoubtedly abler than their predecessors. Mr. Strauss and Mr. Gaitskell, for instance, who now receive departmental responsibility, and Mr. Rees-Williams and Mr. Younger, among the new Parliamentary Secretaries, all deserve promotion on their individual merits. Collectively, this Government is a good deal more competent than the last; and it may be anticipated that the standard of administration will show real improvement. On the other hand, the Cabinet, apart from the welcome inclusion of Mr. Wilson and the return of Mr. Noel-Baker, remains unchanged. At the highest level there has been an important reorganisation but no influx of new ideas.

The obvious weakness of Mr. Attlee's administration, in its first two years of office, was that the principle of departmental autonomy had run wild. The Prime Minister sought to harmonise conflicting claims instead of imposing a policy upon his competitive colleagues. In the new Cabinet, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Bevin are charged with supreme responsibility, the one for economic policy, the other for foreign affairs and defence. Like Moses on the mountain, the Prime Minister stands with his hands held aloft by two faithful lieutenants. As long as these two agree, his leadership will remain secure. Round the new Minister of Economics clusters the young administrative talent. Sir Stafford has boldly preferred brains to trade union experience; and if sheer ability—as distinct from political vision—can see us through, he has chosen well. Mr. Bevin, on the other hand, has preserved his domain from the dangerous inroads of Socialist thinking, by preferring loyalty to competence. He has successfully retained his trusty watchdog, Mr. Alexander, as Minister of Defence.

The most widely discussed move is the transfer of Mr. Shinwell to the War Office and his replacement by Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. Shinwell is Chairman of the Party Executive this year. If he had not been, he might well have preferred resignation to stepping down from full Cabinet rank. Whatever his faults, he is a shrewd working-class leader who had won the confidence of the miners. They will not find it easy to understand why, if he had to be shifted, he was not replaced by a man like Jim Griffiths, and why the Parliamentary Secretaryship is filled by a member of the Municipal and General Workers with specialised knowledge of the Co-operative movement. Mr. Gaitskell has proved himself a first-class administrator: he has still to show that he possesses the qualities of leadership necessary for this job.

The two most notable Left-wingers, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Strachey, are left in the thankless jobs which they held in the previous Government, though they are now ably reinforced by Mr. Strauss at the Ministry of Supply. But in the selection of junior talent the Prime Minister has shown a very natural inclination to keep Right. Among the new appointments, for instance, Mr. Gordon Walker and Mr. George Brown stand on the extreme Right wing of the Party, and Mr. Evelyn King, a member of Mr. Churchill's United Europe, somewhere beyond it. The appointment of Mr. Callaghan, the ablest debater of the Keep Left group, to the Ministry of Transport, cannot be said to offset this tendency.

The new Government, however, will be judged less on its personalities than on its social policy in the economic crisis ahead. Will it become a Government not only of economists but of the *Economist*, and seek to stem inflation by cuts in the working-class standard of living? No one knows at present, not even the Cabinet. Mr. Attlee, as the results of recent by-elections, seems to have decided that the organised workers can be relied on through thick and thin, and that he must therefore dress his shop window to placate the middle classes. As far as possible he has created a Government of public servants which will win confidence less by working-class Socialism than by its respect for the Statistical Digest. It remains to be seen whether a Fabian collective, not too distasteful to the business community, will have the political imagination and the dynamic to maintain that working-class unity on which a Labour Government, in the last resort, depends.

Reprieve for de Gasperi

The lengthy debate in the Italian Parliament on a Communist-Socialist motion of "no confidence" in the Government has ended in a reprieve for Signor de Gasperi. Since the dissident, Right-wing Socialist group led by Signor Saragat had intimated early in the proceedings that it would vote against the motion, de Gasperi's only danger lay in the possibility of an adverse vote on the part of Signor Giannini's Qualunquists; and this the U.S. State Department averted by authorising Count Sforza to announce, amid the cheers of the Right, that the United States would waive its claim to the Italian battleship and other war vessels awarded to the United States as reparations under the Peace Treaty. The announcement was adroitly timed as a delicate hint that further American favours—financial credits, backing for Italian claims to have African colonies restored, support even for a general revision of the Peace Treaty—may be looked for if, but only if, a Conservative Administration retains power in Rome. That de Gasperi will now remain in office, at any rate until the elections next Spring, seems probable; and political developments in Italy in the immediate future turn on two questions: will the U.S.S.R. take more positive steps to counter the contention of the Italian Right, that the U.S.A. is Italy's sole potential benefactor; and will the establishment of the new European Communist International lead to any marked change in the composition and policy of the Italian Left? Political and, still more, economic aid from Russia would enable Signor Togliatti to campaign more effectively against American aid "with strings"; and, though his first reaction to Mr. Marshall's Harvard Speech was to declare that dollars were indispensable for Italy's recovery, the adherence of the Italian Communist Party to the Belgrade Bureau makes it virtually certain that rejection by Italy of conditional Marshall Plan aid will now be in the forefront of his programme. This being so, the outlook is that the existing cleavage in the Italian Left will be deepened. The Saragat Socialists will evidently throw in their lot with the Centre and Right; and, if Signor Nenni and his followers adhere to their conception of a united working class front, they will have to recognise that collaboration with the Communist Party will in future leave them little scope for pursuing a middle way.

Two Camps in France

The cleavage in France is likely to be even sharper. Speaking in Paris last Friday, before publication of the Warsaw Manifesto, M. Thorez had called on voters in the coming municipal elections to register their condemnation of the Marshall Plan—"a shameful speculation on the poverty of France"—and their dissatisfaction with a Government impotent to cope with the crisis or arrest the soaring inflation of living costs. At a mass meeting on Sunday General de Gaulle answered the Communist leader in a speech whose burden was that France was menaced by the Soviet Union and the Communist "party of separatists" within France; that France, while welcoming American determination to counter Soviet world ambitions, must take the lead in forming a Western bloc; and that the economic crisis must be solved by harder work, the reduction of State activities, and a large measure of "restored freedom in economic activities." That the Right in France will utilise the new Communist international organisation as evidence that the French Communist Party is "unpatriotic" is a foregone conclusion. The retort from the Left will doubtless be that General de Gaulle proposes to sell France for dollars at the expense of the French working class. Can the French Socialists avoid, in practice, joining one camp or the other? The statement issued on Monday by the General Secretariat of the Socialist Party seeks refuge in a declaration that French Socialists decline to join "in an open fight against the democracies of the West," and that they deplore the French Communists' acceptance of the Soviet view that the world is now divided into two blocs. This neutral position in an increasingly polarised France will be hard to sustain.

Congress and Cominform

In the U.S.A. the birth of "Cominform" has probably improved the chances of stop-gap aid to Italy and France, and even of the long-range Marshall Plan. The only strong criticism of emergency action has come from Senator Pepper, who has criticised the programme as purely anti-Soviet. Yet, despite the lack of opposition, the efforts of the Administration to mobilise relief resources are timid and half-hearted. Broadcasts urging Americans to eat less and waste less, coupled with "investigations" to lower prices, are all that Mr. Truman can offer. Such diluted methods may lose few votes—as the President hopes—but they will win none; and at the moment the Democrats are a minority party. Private efforts, by trade unions and housewives' leagues, to lower prices are being carried on all over the country; but in the absence of rationing there is the dilemma that, if prices do fall, there will be more food eaten, since rationing by the purse is the only check on consumption at the moment. Future action now depends on what the Congressmen, who have been visiting Europe, will tell their colleagues back home. Those Europeans who have been shocked by the superficial views of many of the visitors, should compare it with the blank ignorance of stay-at-homes such as Representative Martin who told the press last week that he had heard nothing to suggest that Europe was in a worse plight than last spring. Mr. Martin is Speaker of the House.

The Farran Case

The case against Captain Farran depended upon two pieces of circumstantial evidence. One was the contents of a note book in which he wrote on May 19th, the day he escaped from Allenby Barracks. This the court ruled to be privileged. The other was a conversation, alleged to have taken place the day after the alleged kidnapping, between Captain Farran and Colonel Bernard Fergusson, an Army officer who held the post of Assistant Inspector-General of the Palestine police. This evidence was withheld with the consent of the Court, since the Colonel was not prepared to say anything which might incriminate himself. In judging the effect of this case in Palestine, we must recall the background of the struggle between the Palestine police and the Jewish terrorists. It is widely believed that flying squads have been given a free hand to counter-attack the Irgun by the use of its own methods; these include kidnapping and interrogation by methods so rough that in certain instances the victim died and the body had to be disposed of. Sir Charles Wickham, who organised the Greek Police Force, has recently investigated the Palestine police. He is believed to have reported against the militarisation of the police—now under an ex-paratroop officer—and to have protested against this sort of commando campaign which merely intensifies the hatred and increases the risks to decent policemen in uniform. For obvious reasons no private person has the means of ascertaining the precise facts. It seems essential that the demand for an investigation of these conditions should be made in Parliament, where privilege enables discussion to be full and free.

Lull in India

Australia, in her reply to the Pakistan appeal for help from the Dominions, has wisely offered no definite assistance, but has confined herself to expressing sympathy and the hope that the agreement reached between the Prime Ministers of Pakistan and India on September 19 may in the long run have the effect of ending the disturbances. Australia has clearly seen the dangers that lie in too direct an interference, and it is to be hoped that the other Dominions will adopt the same restrained attitude. In the meanwhile there has been a lull in rioting which may presage worse to come, or which may mean that the people have had enough of it. In any case, the lull should give the respective Governments a chance to revise and strengthen their measures for restoring order, and the opportunity to examine with each other in a quieter atmosphere the prospects for closer co-operation—the most urgent need of the moment. They should particularly aim at stamping out any predilections on the part of their officials for the "hostage" system. This operates on the hideous theory that refugees should not be despatched too quickly across the border to their own States, for fear that too few will be left behind on whom to wreak vengeance should trouble break out again. The holding of such theories is hardly conducive to the dissipation of the mutual suspicions which have already done so much harm. The object now should be to hasten the fulfilment of what is fast becoming an accomplished fact—the wholesale transfer of populations on a huge scale. Soon nearly all the 3 million Hindus and Sikhs in West Punjab will have moved into India, and the 4 million Muslims in East Punjab into Pakistan. Then, with no minorities of any consequence on either side of the border to provoke riots by their presence, the tasks of reconstruction and rehabilitation should lead to a general calming down. It is vital that such a situation should be achieved before the pernicious propaganda of the Hindu Mahasabha for "an India for the Hindus" gains further ground in regions so far unaffected by communal conflicts.

Rationing Steel

In the notice which he gave to the engineering industry, that future allocation of steel and other raw materials are to depend upon the export achievement of individual firms, Mr. Wilmot conveyed the impression that engineering output, from beginning to end, could and would be controlled in detail by the machinery of rationing. We question gravely whether this impression will be borne out by the facts. It may, indeed, be possible to squeeze severely certain sections of the industry whose production is of an easily defined nature and is demonstrably intended for the home market. But if an endeavour is made to apply this process to the engineering industry as a whole, formidable obstacles will be encountered. Apart from the fact that entitlements to steel have been, and are still likely to be, inflated by the unco-ordinated sponsoring of Government Departments, how is the relation of steel supplies to the destination of end-products to be worked out in the case of the large section of the industry manufacturing common service items, such as precision chains, small electrical components or ball-bearings? Is it really proposed to put out of business the hundreds of small, but efficient firms whose export quota is at present low and who have no independent foreign sales organisation? Is the administrative machine to be so expanded that it can hope to deal with the endless arguments and disputes which are bound to arise from a multiplicity of firms, many of whom may be unable even to state with certainty the eventual destination of the goods they make? We feel the gravest doubts whether raw material control on the lines which Mr. Wilmot appeared to foreshadow can be made to work. The frictions and delays involved in it may be worse than acceptance of the inevitability, under any control, of a large leak of engineering products into the home market.

Teachers and Examinations

The Burnham Committee has taken the very desirable step of recommending an increase of thirty per cent. in the maximum of the salary scales for qualified assistant teachers and at the same time the giving of two years' (instead of one year's) seniority in the scales to graduates, with an additional year's allowance on the minimum, and two years on the maximum, for teachers holding a first-class honours degree of a British university. There are also allowances for teachers in special schools and classes; head teachers' scales have been remodelled; and a number of other improvements are proposed. These changes will go some way towards meeting the very real grievances of highly qualified secondary school teachers, who suffered when the indispensable reform of assimilating elementary and secondary teachers' scales was carried through in connection with the Butler Act. This week has also brought another important educational reform—changing the nature of certificate examinations and introducing the school report as the main way of assessing school-leavers' qualifications. The effects of this change, from the teacher's standpoint, are discussed on a later page by the Senior History Master of Stowe. From another standpoint—that of the potential employer of the school-leaver—the proposed reform opens a large question. Will school recommendations conform to a common yardstick? That is, can they be relied on for an assessment of the attainments and capabilities of pupils from *different* schools?

THE COMINFORM

THE announcement of a central organisation, for co-ordinating the policies of the nine main Communist parties of Europe, comes as a serious blow to all those who have hoped and worked for a European Middle Way. It would be tempting to argue that the Russians are merely giving formal recognition to an accomplished fact, and that nothing is really altered for the worse. Superficially this optimistic interpretation is convincing enough. Despite the formal liquidation in May, 1943, of the Comintern, the Politburo has continued on all crucial issues to lay down the policies of Communist Parties, and to use them as a weapon of Russian external policy. The formation, therefore, of a central bureau will not greatly alter the existing relationship between Russian and European Communists.

The real importance of the communiqué, as a careful reading of it shows, is the change of Communist strategy in Western Europe it implies. Ever since VE Day the Kremlin, just as much as Washington and London, has been debating the merits of two policies—the attempt to make Great Power co-operation work, and the decision to "face facts" and base policy on the assumption that co-operation is impossible. Month by month, in the relations between the East and the West, action has produced reaction, and the ideological warfare, in flagrant contradiction with the formal protestations of diplomacy, has become more open. The announcement of the Truman Doctrine last spring was the signal that American patience had been exhausted. The Warsaw communiqué is a formal and carefully publicised statement that Russia has now decided that her patience is exhausted, too. She must look to her own defences; and to this end she will once again mobilise the workers of Europe in defence of their true homeland, the Soviet Union. The effect of this announcement will be felt, indirectly, in the relations between the Powers; directly and violently, in the internal politics of the European Labour Movements.

Ever since 1920 the policy of the Communists has oscillated between the poles of collaboration with Social Democrats and denunciation of them as catspaws of imperialism; between a tactic of trade union penetration and an effort to break up the reformist labour movements; between a strategy based on the possibility of collaboration with non-Communist Powers and an apocalyptic vision of an inevitable clash.

In the 1920s these oscillations of Communist policy were frequent and abrupt; and on each occasion they were accompanied by purges of the Communist leadership in the countries chiefly affected. In the period immediately preceding the Nazi conquest of power, the Social Democrats and the trade unions were attacked as the most dangerous enemy, and Fascism was regarded as a transition to Communist revolution. Then, when the Nazi dictatorship proved its power and began to threaten Soviet Russia, the policy switched. The Communists became the advocates of working-class unity and of the popular front. From 1939 to the Russian entry into the war the Comintern reverted to revolutionary tactics, denouncing the "imperialist war," only to return once again to the slogan of anti-Fascist unity in June, 1941. It was as a part of this policy that the Comintern was abolished in 1943.

Since the end of the war, despite the growing tension between America and Russia, the Communist line in all European countries has remained, officially at least, unchanged. Communist parties have collaborated, or expressed their readiness to collaborate, not only in Left coalitions but in National coalitions, including parties of the Right, and have pursued a policy of peaceful penetration into the trade union movement. In Eastern Europe as well as Western Europe strong Socialist parties have been tolerated. Every effort has been made to swing over not only the Labour Movements but the whole democratic Left and Centre, to the Moscow line; and considerable latitude has been given, in particular to the French and Italian Communist leaders, to work out a tactic of collaboration with anti-Fascist forces, based on national interests and designed to assist positively in the work of reconstruction.

It seems clear that the Politburo has now decided that this policy has produced too few results to justify its continuance. Despite the efforts of the Communists, no country outside Eastern Europe has adopted the Moscow line. National coalitions in France and Italy have now, with Socialist approval, expelled their Communist participants and given their approval to the Marshall Plan. In Britain, a Labour Government has, on all the vital issues, supported the Truman against the Molotov Doctrine. From the point of view of Russian national interests, Communist co-operation and permeation have obviously been a resounding failure.

So the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. From now on, whatever the official Russian foreign policy may be, Communist strategy will concentrate on the objective of destroying Social Democracy and forcing upon the working class in Western Europe the sharp choice between support of *either* America *or* the Soviet Union. In returning to the old revolutionary tactics, the new Comintern will have certain advantages which its predecessor did not possess. In the seven countries of Eastern Europe the Communists, instead of forming a wing of a Left opposition, are now in control of governments. Here the task of breaking up the Socialist parties or forcing them to accept fusion will not be difficult. In France and Italy, also, the Communist position is far stronger than before the war. Then the reformists or the syndicalists controlled the trade unions, and the Catholic parties dominated the peasants. Today Thorez and Togliatti have won nearly all the key positions in the unions and made considerable inroads on the Catholic peasantry. In the event of either national or civil war Moscow could probably rely on the weapon of the general strike to immobilise both countries.

This, indeed, must be one of the main reasons for the new manœuvre. Frustrated in the attempt to obtain governments in Western Europe amenable to Russian policy, and aware of the growing strength of American influence, the Politburo has been forced to go over to the defensive. If it cannot capture France and Italy it can at least hope to prevent them from falling into American hands, or, if the worst comes to the worst, to build a Resistance Movement sufficiently strong to make them a liability instead of an asset. For this purpose what is required is not so much a popular movement designed to capture parliamentary power but a well-knit Communist organisation trained and equipped for revolutionary activity in the event of Right-wing dictatorship. We can expect, therefore, as one of the immediate results of the new central organisation, a drastic reorganisation of the French and Italian Communist Parties accompanied by a purge from the key posts of those elements which might prove unreliable in a crisis or unsuitable for Resistance.

Seen in this perspective, the new Communist strategy is a tribute to the strength both of the anti-Communist forces in Western Europe and of American influence. The short post-war period of Soviet expansion is over. It achieved the capture of Eastern Europe; it failed in the West. Faced by a counter-offensive of unexpected strength, the Russians have decided to consolidate their gains and to seek by spoiling tactics to immunise Western Europe as a base for American operations. In the long run, probably, they remain confident enough that the contradictions of capitalism will again bring them opportunities for ideological expansion. But immediately they must concentrate on counter measures against American influence and in particular must take precautions against the threat of Right-wing dictatorship in Italy and France.

The new strategy, though intelligible enough, is, we believe, disastrous. Once again the Russians will create by their counter-measures precisely what they seek to prevent. Manœuvres designed to check or to hamstring reaction will encourage and strengthen it. De Gaulle and de Gasperi will both benefit by the existence of the new organisation in Belgrade. Throughout Western Europe the democratic forces which genuinely desire peace and Great Power co-operation will be still further weakened or driven to the Right; and the trade unions will dissipate their strength in furious sectarian witch-hunting.

There is, however, one ray of hope among these desperate dangers. Though the United States has reached the imperialist stage of development, it is still expansionist in the financial rather than the territorial sense. America is reluctant to take over Western Europe and in her present mood she would prefer to see us organise ourselves by methods of democratic planning rather than foot the bill for sustaining a bankrupt capitalist system. With America unwilling and Russia for the moment unable to integrate us into their respective systems, we still have a chance to save ourselves.

A DAY WITH THE TORIES

WITH its flutter of Young Conservatives and its flood-lit stage, the Tory Conference at Brighton opened like a theatrical first-night. The house had obviously been oversold, because some of the audience, including an M.P. or two, had bubbled on to the press table. What was the play? Harold Macmillan in "The Middle Way"? Hore-Belisha in "The Road Back"? Or Sir Herbert Williams as Kravchenko in "I Chose Freedom"? No one quite knew, but everyone was determined to have a good time. For my own part, it was a nice change from my familiar study of its snarl, to face head-on the constituency smile of the Tory front bench now spread out on the stage.

The Mayor of Brighton gave the delegates a non-political curtain-raiser in welcome. "When you try to do your best and meet with all kinds of controls," he said, apologising for his excellent civic receptions, "you feel depressed." The delegates cheered happily. I somehow think the Mayor of Brighton is a Tory. The chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Hornyold-Strickland, then called the Conference to rise above Party advantage, and set the theme, "Policies must be adapted to meet new needs."

Now here was the problem. The Socialists, while the Tories weren't looking, took over the Empire. What should the Tories do? Answer: Take over the working class. Of course, the Tories don't really think the Socialists are the sort of people who should interest themselves in the Empire. Directly and allusively, a number of the Tories, Eden among them, disparaged what they regarded as Bevin's raw Imperial theories. To make things even, few Socialists would think that Macmillan and Butler could write anything for the workers other than one of those Victorian tracts which philanthropic old ladies used to write for the Society for the Betterment of the Labouring Classes.

But just as Tories delude themselves if they think that the Labour Party—the Imperial Party without Imperialists—is unable to share in the mystery of Empire, so Socialists would be mistaken if they thought that the Conservative Party—the self-appointed workers' Party without the T.U.C.—is incapable at any time of winning working-class votes. The Tories cannot hope for a mass desertion by trade unionists from the Labour Party. The support that Thorneycroft with his lute might win from some workers, Boyd-Carpenter with his hurdy-gurdy of sneers at trade unions and trade unionists, would most promptly forfeit. At heart, the Tory Party and its Conference believes that the job of the working-class is not to rule the country, but to work and be governed. Not even Mr. Tremayne, billed as a Conservative trade unionist and shouting for "competition between employers and between employees," could camouflage the almost complete absence of working-class delegates and candidates.

When Butler replied to the debate, he quoted Lord Randolph Churchill, who said, "If you want to gain the confidence of the working-classes, let them have a share, and a large share—a real share and not a sham share—in your Party councils and in your Party government." Sixty-five years have passed, and the Tory Party still hasn't taken this advice; nor do I believe it ever will. The Tory Party needs the votes of the working classes; but not all of them. It would be content with 20 per cent., which is enough to win the next election. For that reason, the Conference wanted the Industrial Charter. For that reason the Labour Party would do well not to underrate its importance.

Before the Charter, all that Tories had to offer the working-class was, "Work hard and you may be Nuffield." The Socialists, through their general economic theory as well as through the trade unions, could give the workers a more realisable hope of advancement. Now at last—and the Conference sighed contentedly—there was something to attract the worker. A contract of service, payment by results, joint consultation, co-partnership. Mark you, this is only a code of conduct, rather like the Highway Code. If they wanted to, Tory employers could start now to apply the Charter's principles. For the rest, it bases itself on central planning with decentralised administration. Sir Waldron Smithers was right when he saw in the chapter, "The Place of Government in a Free Society," the influence of Socialist economic doctrine. He was also no doubt right in saying that, "If the people want Socialism and social reform, they won't come to the Conservative Party for them." It is difficult to recognise in the Charter what Butler called "the core of Conservative tradition," even though speaker after speaker affirmed that the Conservative Party was never the Party of *laissez-faire*. What is of value in the Charter is, in fact, an unconscious plagiarism of opinions long professed by Socialists. The Committee that produced it is like a poetaster who, with great anguish of spirit, composes a poem with unexpectedly good lines, only to realise that he has dragged from his subconscious a sonnet of Milton and garbled it.

The Conference wasn't in a mood to consider sources. Empurpled though they still are by the insult of 1945, the Tories want to win the next election, and are looking for banners wherever they can find them. I should think that at least half of the Conference was emotionally more in harmony with its wide-ranging extremists than with the paternal Conservatism of Macmillan, Eden, Thorneycroft and Butler. A Tory Government tomorrow, led by the moderate Tories who were the better part of the Conference, would excite vicious opposition in domestic affairs from the extreme Right and the crypto-fascists. They would find in compensation some measure of understanding among the non-Marxists of the Labour Party. Eden himself was careful not to define too closely Tory policy, since he must recognise how closely in many respects it will have to follow, during the next few years, the Government's present lines. But the Tories were not concerned with the principles of the Charter, which many of them seemed not to have read: they were looking for a quick charm, and thought they had found one.

How many in the Conference who jeered at Sir Waldron and his acolyte recognised that, in approving the Industrial Charter, they were approving proposals for central direction and control? Those who indiscriminately derided Government planning and applauded the Industrial Charter weren't going to be bothered with fine distinctions. They wanted "The Charter!", the Charter approved by the reverend though absent figure of the Leader, Winston Churchill, who seemed to have made peace with his subordinates. Although the Platform dominated the Conference with its traditional Conservatism of religion, constitution, family and Empire, enlarged to include a modern system of economic planning, the Floor ratified those principles with an applause which was rarely more than encouraging and cordial, and sometimes even impatient. Only when certain key-words were uttered—controls or the Co-operative Society, or Bevan, Shinwell and Strachey—did the Tories really let themselves go. Sometimes you heard the fierce and bitter baying of a lynch-mob. If the Tories return to power, I predict that Labour's repeal of the Trades Disputes Act will ultimately seem a piece of amiable political teasing compared with the Tory rending of Labour legislation.

And so next day to the anti-Communist, anti-Socialist, anti-pacifist, anti-Semitic, anti-internationalist amendment of Mr. Fountaine, which, disappointingly for him, Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, V.C., amended, in its revised form, to oppose Fascist as well as Communist activities in Britain. The row that followed the original amendment did not spring from any objection by the delegates to the ugly overtones of the speech. Too languid to analyse the thoughtful Charter, the Conference was quick to excite itself with the mixture of passion and prejudice which it could more easily understand and absorb. But the Executive could see that Mr. Fountaine and his supporters were leading the Tory Party to unwholesome places, contaminated with the smell of Fascism. And so, it led the Conference back to a more healthy level.

While Mr. Fountaine was speaking, an exotic-looking old gentleman rose from the platform and slowly walked out.

I could have sworn it was Disraeli.

MAURICE EDELMAN

COLONIAL POLICY UNDER A LABOUR GOVERNMENT

THE strength of Labour in England lies in trade unionism, because the trade unions have been built up in actual political conflict: the rank and file of union members have known at any given moment what the struggle was about, from personal experience. When such a Party succeeds to power it finds itself faced with all sorts of problems of which it has none of this intimate personal knowledge. Colonial questions are among them. The people who have this day-to-day knowledge are colonial officials and the inhabitants of the colonies themselves, neither of whom, on the whole, have much contact with political opinion at home. Colonial officials, on whom the actual working of policy depends, are not commonly members of the Labour party; although this old difficulty of divergence between the government in power and its permanent officials can easily be exaggerated. It is, arguably, so long since colonial officials have been allowed to have minds of their own that their personal views will in any case make no difference, and that their sense of loyalty will in any case lead them to carry out in good faith the policy of the Government. This is probably true. But it is a contradiction in terms to expect them to build from on top a political consciousness which they probably do not share, and which in any case can only be built up from the bottom.

Political liberty is not a thing which can be dispensed in spoonfuls: it has to be made, and in the long run a people can only make it for themselves. There is a growing feeling among the colonial peoples that it is to be obtained by appealing over the heads of the resident officials direct to the people of England. The secretary of the Malaya Democratic Union in a recent press correspondence in Singapore said that his association was not anti-British, that it shared the aspirations of the people of England as expressed at the last general election, but that it was anti-bureaucratic. The belief that the ordinary political processes can be short-circuited by appealing to England direct is reflected in the number of questions on detailed points of colonial administration asked in the House of Commons, obviously at the instigation of people in the colonies themselves. This may seem at first a desirable airing of matters which are usually settled in official privacy; but it is actually nothing of the sort. Supposed appeals of this kind to the people of England are worse than useless, for they encourage a tendency for the colonies to look for political salvation outside themselves. The evil is not in any slight embarrassment such appeals cause to colonial officials; the evil is in fostering in colonial peoples themselves an I'll-tell-my-big-brother-of-you attitude that makes the development of mental and political independence almost impossible.

Trade unionism in the colonies has received official sanction since 1939, and later a good deal of official encouragement. But trade unionism in England began as a fighting movement, in opposition to the whole existing order: from this it derived its vitality. How can such a movement be started under official supervision and with an official blessing? In the East, at any rate, trade unions, besides performing the usual functions of all trade unions, are often the direct descendants of old secret societies; their system of controlling an industry depends on systematic intimidation and the use of professional fighting men. The result is the ridiculous spectacle of a colonial government smiling benignly and theoretically on a movement whose organised thuggery it has to use its whole police force to suppress. Government cannot foster trade unionism in these circumstances, and the attempt to establish rival "healthy" unions only results in the formation of a yellow unionism which does not represent anything. The function of government is to recognise the freedom of association, to let the unions fight their battles in their own way, and, as a consequence, to suppress as vigorously as it can activities which conflict with the law.

At the root of all this lies one major confusion, a confusion between two incompatible colonial policies advocated within the Labour Movement itself. The first is reformist. It intends, though it may not say so, to use the colonies as before, as a favoured area for British trade. It recognises that up to now they have had little political freedom and a shamefully low general standard of living, and it means to increase the extent of representative government, with the ultimate aim of self-government within the British Commonwealth. It also seeks by wage and labour regulations to force big business to give its colonial workers a bigger share of the profits, when there are any. It does not contemplate the expropriation of European business interests, but it does intend, by steeply graded taxation and improved social services, to see that more of the money stays in the colonies themselves. The second is the Communist programme implied in Mr. Leonard Barnes's *Soviet Light on the Colonies*—the complete expropriation of private capital, and what purports to be the direct transfer of all power to the colonial workers themselves. Little is heard of this officially, but there is no doubt that Left-wing opinion in the colonies—not only the Communist Party, but its numerous disguised satellites and fellow-travellers—is thinking quite immediately in those terms. There are of course people in the Labour Movement in England who think likewise. To imagine, as the Colonial Office appears to do, that increased doses of the first policy will do anything to satisfy people who want the second is completely mistaken.

The first policy is simply the old trusteeship slightly gingered up. It is slow, it is stuffy, it involves colonial governments in horrible epidemics of mealy-mouth, and in perpetually talking more liberally than they can afford to act. But it preserves the by no means negligible social and political advances that have already been made, and it has a fair chance of going through without any violent disruption of the social fabric. It offers an opportunity for

Socialism in the establishment of new Government-sponsored enterprises, such as the ground-nut scheme in West Africa, run for the benefit of the country, and becoming ultimately the direct property of its people.

The second policy in colonial conditions quite certainly involves violent revolution. There is a kind of vicarious toughness which would reply "Why not?"; but it will not often be found among those who have been at close quarters with violence and terror. The major argument, however, is that a revolution of this kind would not do what is expected of it. At the level of political awareness which most colonial peoples have reached, no such thing as a direct transfer of power to the people is possible: you can only transfer power to a gang, or more probably to several rival gangs. There is a not uncommon feeling that any gang is better than the Government House one; but this is simply not true; and in the lucid intervals in which people permit themselves to be honest about these things they know it is not true. British official control has done little enough for its subject peoples; but it has done more than any power that is actually available to take its place. It can still do more if it can co-operate with the available democratic energies in the colonies themselves. Mr. Barnes's book is distorted because it soft-pedals this fact, because it plays continually on the difference between profession and practice in British colonial government, and simply accepts Soviet professions at their face value; and because it obscures real differences of political and cultural level in an evangelical mysticism about the proletariat.

There is, I think, no doubt that the first policy is the only one that Britain can pursue. It has a fair chance of succeeding in the colonies, on two conditions. First, that it is put into force energetically and quickly: intolerable official delays between the first mention of a scheme and its ultimate operation do more than anything else to make colonial peoples doubt the sincerity of their governments. Secondly, that attempts from either Left or Right to upset this line in favour of some quite different one should be firmly checked. No policy can be pursued without determination, and this one will find saboteurs on both sides of the road.

In the colonies a wide sense of public responsibility has still to be built, and that is a task for the politically educated class among the colonial peoples themselves. Members of the colonial intelligentsia have had much to discourage them—lack of influence in their own administration, and gross inequities of salary in Government service. It is apparently intended that these shall be put right, but it is essential to act quickly if anyone is to believe it. But it is too much to hope that there will be profound agreement between colonial peoples and British administration: there will be opposition as long as British administration lasts. In England we have always regarded opposition as an essential condition of political life; in the colonies it has too often been regarded as something like an incipient cold in the head, to be smothered at all costs. It is this more than anything else that accounts for the stuffiness and boredom of colonial life. But if political controversy is to be of the kind that leads to progress it must be genuine controversy, and it must be about something actual. Punch-bag exercise is not enough.

In the colonies today governmental evasiveness makes everything unreal; the best way of bringing discussion to life would be an unequivocal statement by colonial administrations about both principles and methods, and a vigorous effort to do something about it, not in due course, or when the time is ripe, or when the bottom has fallen out of the Keep in View basket,* but at once.

GRAHAM HOUGH

A LONDON DIARY

The Prime Minister can no longer be charged with neglecting youth and ability. From this point of view the appointments of Strauss and Gaitskell are only less remarkable than that of Harold Wilson. A good deal of rubbish is talked about Shinwell, who has been at the War Office before and who will be perfectly acceptable there now. Inevitably in such a shake-up there are unhappy cases of men who have lost jobs that they seemed to be doing with reasonable success; in some cases, such as that of John Hynd, one cannot see why a change should have been made. In retiring Mr. Greenwood, however, the Prime Minister certainly did right, but it is certainly comic to ask a man of 67 to make room for younger men and then to appoint in his place a veteran of 78 years of age!

* * *

On Tuesday morning the magistrate at Old Street heard the charge against Mr. Pipkin, one of the regular speakers of the League of ex-Servicemen. Here was a rare case of one of the speakers and not one of the hecklers at these Fascist meetings being charged. The detective's shorthand record of the speech confirms the account of the meeting which Mr. Woodrow Wyatt had given in this journal, and established beyond a doubt that he had talked about stopping Jewish murders by putting Jews and their families against a wall and wiping them out. (It seems a pity that Rebecca West on the day before the trial should have written in the *Evening Standard* throwing doubt on the reliability of his story.) The magistrate quietly took Mr. Pipkin through his speech and got him to admit that its effect in a district where many Jews lived was highly provocative and likely to lead to a breach of the peace. This admission ended the case, and Mr. Pipkin was bound over to keep the peace and not to attend any more meetings in the East End for the next twelve months. This seemed to me a satisfactory result of the case. As I came away with Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, a group of half a dozen individuals, who seemed to be supporters of Mr. Pipkin, came out of the court where they had been attending as members of the public, and threatened Mr. Wyatt—"it will be you or me"—if he should ever come to the district again. I mention this incident because I believe that people still do not understand how excitable and violent some of these fanatics are. One of these men, however, stood in sharp contrast to the others. He seemed to be an honest, but muddled, Englishman, who had somehow or other been persuaded to believe a lot of nonsense out of a book. He had believed the nonsense, but if he heard some sensible arguments in reply to it, it is possible that he might come to disbelieve it. As always there were the two types—wild men looking for trouble and a few who are genuinely deceived.

* * *

Burma has decided for complete independence. Whether this means that she will be less closely related to Britain than the Dominions of India and Pakistan I am by no means sure. At present, relations between the two countries are close and friendly. A first reading of the draft Burmese constitution shows that the new Burma is to be both Socialist and democratic. The Presidency is an honorific appointment for five years; it resembles the French and not the American model. The Supreme Court has the duty of interpreting the constitution under which all the Burmese, men and women, over 18 have the right to vote. A broad Socialist basis is assumed in the Constitution. The Prime Minister, Thakin Nu, has shown a most wise liberalism in dealing with the border regions. The Shan States and Karens have come into the constitution on terms fully satisfactory to themselves. This may surprise some "men on the spot," who took it for granted that the border peoples would be hostile to the Burmese and close allies of the British. The Karens and the Shan States have their own "devolved" parliament, but within the central parliament. It is as if Wales and Scotland had obtained home rule and exercised it, not from Edinburgh and Cardiff, but from within Westminster. This I assume to be largely a result of the great distances and bad communications of Burma. A man may need as much as three weeks by ox cart and on foot to go from Southern Burma to the border States.

* * *

One of the ugliest stories I have read for some years—and that is saying a lot in these days—is told in the documents that have been presented to the Secretary-General of the United Nations on behalf of the peoples of South-West Africa, whom Field Marshal Smuts wishes to incorporate in the Union. The petitions on behalf of the Hereros and other tribes supported by Tchekedi (whose pleas to be heard by the British Government were so unwisely refused in 1946) have been taken to the United Nations by the Rev. Michael Scott, whose reputation as a level-headed and disinterested worker on behalf of the coloured peoples of South Africa is beyond challenge. I am not sure how far people of this generation remember the appalling story of the German atrocities in South-West Africa, which were exposed in a British White Paper after the 1914-18 war. The Hereros, a fine and civilised people, excellent cattle farmers, were deliberately reduced from 80,000 to 15,000 by the Germans. Under the Mandate the White African policy of keeping natives in the most miserable conditions in reserves, from which they are forced by taxation to come and work for starvation wages by White masters, was increasingly applied. It is clear that all native people who maintain any independence now regard incorporation in the South African Union as the equivalent of slavery. How, then, has it happened that Field Marshal Smuts can support his defiance of the United Nations by declaring that the natives have expressed their desire to join it in a referendum? The facts are only too clear in the documents I have seen. The referendum was carried through with all the chicanery needed to swindle a simple people. Only the minority who voted against going into the Union knew what they were signing. The issue was put to the tribesmen whether they would prefer to live under the authority of the Portuguese, French or British! They voted "British," believing that that meant that they were to come under the British Crown! They were even shown the Union Jack, and told it was the same thing whether they were under Whitehall or South Africa. They now denounce this trickery and plead to come directly under the protection of the British Government or under the United Nations.

* * *

Michael Scott had some difficulty, I believe, in obtaining a visa to go to the United Nations. In the end the American Government allowed him to visit territory which should be completely free and international on conditions which have recently been revealed as the result of a row with a Communist editor. These conditions included swearing that the recipient of the visa will not go outside New York City, will not write about anything except the United Nations while there, or make any political speeches. These conditions are justified on the ground that they are an exact replica of the conditions imposed on correspondents who attended the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. If America really wishes to show that she can be as tough and nasty as the Russians, this is a good beginning. But it is a strange and sad spectacle in a land that talks so much of the freedom of the press. The comic aspect of all this is that it was the Soviet Union which wanted the site of Uno to be in America. How different things would have been if Uno had now been meeting in Luxembourg!

* * *

The rigour of such visa regulations is, of course, the counterpart of the fantastic domestic purge now going on inside America. This again parallels the much-criticised Soviet purges. In America, too, the purge has its humorous aspect. The State Department can now sack an employee because "he has basic defects of character which might lead him to associate habitually with someone who is unknowingly an agent of a foreign government"! All Union executives have to swear that they have no association with organisations using "illegal means" in politics. Not unnaturally the C.I.O. officials refused on principle, and now John L. Lewis—the staunchest of anti-Communists—has refused to sign on behalf of the A.F. of L.

---

* I am told that the phrase may be obscure. Administrators have a basket labelled K.I.V. to hold papers which they are not ready to attend to. K.I.V. means keep in view.

* * *

As American films grow scarcer, I hope the cinema circuits will become less reluctant to show the documentaries made by the Central Office of Information. One such documentary, which the public should have been seeing weeks ago, is *The World is Rich*, a 45-minute film about the world food shortage and F.A.O.'s plans for dealing with it. When it was shown at the Edinburgh Film Festival it had an enthusiastic reception. It had a similar welcome from the delegates at the F.A.O. conference at Geneva, many of whom asked for copies for their own countries. Now the General Assembly of Uno has cabled for a copy; but still there is no sign of a general showing in the country of its origin, although it has been ready for distribution since the middle of August. The outstanding merit of the film is that it is genuinely entertaining as well as factual. The answers to the housewives in the queues, and to the traveller with his tales of plenty in foreign capitals, are all there and imprinted on the mind by first-class commentaries and photography. It is a pity that a film on a subject of absorbing interest to all taxpayers, and which has cost them £13,000, can't be seen by them. Perhaps the explanation is that the C.O.I., although it sponsors them, is not really interested in films and seems not to employ anyone sufficiently high-powered or knowledgeable to sell them, when made, to the distributors. During the war the M. of I. Films Division knew the business and films like *Target for Tonight* and *Coastal Command* were sold by methods as efficient as those of any Hollywood company.

CRITIC

CRACKERS

(After Lewis Carroll)

"The Government is considering how, in the interests of equality of sacrifice, spivs, drones, eels and butterflies can be roped in to do their share in the national effort."—THE TIMES.

I'll tell you everything I can,
Though it makes little sense—
I saw an aged, aged man
A-sitting on a fence.
I asked, "Why must you sit astride?
What answer can you give?"
He said, "The Labour stream I guide
And strain it through a sieve.

"I hunt all day for butterflies,
To lay them by the heels,
And plan to make production rise
By winkling out the eels,
I dig for spivs beneath the stones,
And here's my latest wheeze—
To mobilise the absent drones
And turn them into bees.

"I've organised a thousand cats
To catch a million mice,
I raise morale by cosy chats
On equal sacrifice,
I keep a mobile force to drag
Red herrings o'er the trail,
And have the whole thing in the bag
By opening the mail.

"To speed up output I devise
Ingenious manpower traps
And plan a chain of butterflies
To string across the gaps.
I scrapped my democratic plan—
It wouldn't work," he said.
I cried, "You must be bats, old man,"
And thumped him on the head.

And when officials madly fit
Square pegs into round holes,
And higher targets try to hit
Through butterfly controls,
Though master-planners should be backed
With public confidence,
I am reminded of the fact
(Though butterflies indeed have slacked)
That Labour's ranks with drones are packed,
That Labour drones are seldom sacked,
While leaders do the tightrope act—
And that old man seemed slightly cracked
A-sitting on the fence.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. Wheeler.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"Most of the wangle applications," said Mr. Shinwell's man, "are sent in with long explanatory letters. Many people telephone as well. If only the motorists would state their claims on the RMS1 form—and nothing more—we could save time and trouble in turning them down."—*Daily Express*

Young Lady for Part-time Office Work; previous experience not essential if smart appearance and interested in dancing.—Send fullest particulars to ——.—*Lancashire Daily Post*

No one has applied for the £1,000 a-year job as psychiatrist to Stoke-on-Trent Education Committee. Mr. H. Barks said at yesterday's meeting that the job should be filled quickly before psychiatry went out of fashion.—*Daily Express.*

The Recorder of Brighton (Sir Charles Doughty, K.C.) said at the quarter sessions yesterday to Charles Henry Ticehurst, 24, who had been to Borstal, "The country gave you an education which is practically a public school one."—*The Times.*

IMPRESSIONS OF HAMBURG—II.

ONE evening as dusk was falling, a few miles outside Hamburg, I saw the Autobahn that leads to Lübeck. In two close files as far as the eye could reach it was occupied by British Army lorries. There they had been parked when operations ended, and there, with the rust of two winters upon them, they still lie. They number about 90,000 trucks. This fantastic waste provokes two comments. The British taxpayer is entitled to his own reflections; the German spectator has something further to say. In this land of ruin and stagnation, if the lack of coal is the first evil to overcome, the shortage of labour is the second and the want of transport the third. Hamburg is entitled to 150,000 tons of coal each month, but in fact, for lack of canal barges and railway trucks, it has been receiving only 100,000 tons. Month by month the railways try in vain to balance the number of locomotives they can repair against the number that break down, while it is notorious that trucks which carry coal to France never return. The problem of feeding German towns is not merely one of import and requisition; it is also one of transport. These rusting army lorries might have solved it. In fact an attempt was made to use some of them. The soundest of them were picked out and sent to Hanover: half of them broke down on the way. But why not raise a labour battalion of German engineers to recondition them? I asked that question and got the usual defeatist answers. In the first place there is no labour available. In the second place, if there were, the Germans have no petrol with which to run them. Everything is involved in these vicious circles. After two wasted years of the Occupation the leadership and the creative drive that will break a way out are still to seek.

Hamburg, meanwhile, in a mood of realism, is surveying its future. It still has its assets, above all the river Elbe, which makes it the natural port, not only for Eastern Germany but also for Czechoslovakia. But the Elbe runs through the Russian zone; will the old channels of trade be reopened? Terrific though the ruin caused by our bombardment was, it fell rather on the living quarters of the workers than on Hamburg's industries. These to the extent of 75 per cent. are still intact. Even the great shipbuilding yards are doing repair work. But if the punitive decisions reached at Potsdam are literally reproduced in the treaty of peace, Hamburg can never recover its old rank as a port, and its proudest industry, shipbuilding, will be a poor relic of what it was. That Europe will be happier or even safer for these restrictions is a forecast I cannot follow. Was safety their motive, or were they devised to cripple a commercial competitor? Something, however, remains, and though Germany may neither build nor own ocean-going ships, the plans drawn up for the study of the Senate make the most of the employment that can be got from building and running vessels of 1,500 tons for coastal traffic and a big fishing fleet. Blohm and Voss, which once employed 30,000 men, still keep 1,500 on their pay-roll. Apart from the activities of the port, Hamburg had, and will have again, a variety of manufacturing industries, ranging from engineering and textiles to the preparation of foods, especially from fish. The estimates of the planners are relatively optimistic. Hamburg, if these industries work at full capacity, can hope to recover a modest standard of life, though it will be far below her former prosperity. For a generation a big part of the city's income will be spent on rebuilding. At present these industries are working at half their capacity, which means, after allowing for the plant destroyed by bombardment, not much more than a third of the city's peacetime output. The explanation is to be sought partly in the enfeebled condition of the workers and in irregular attendance, partly in the shortage of coal, electric power and raw materials. The official figures may overstate the decline in output, since many firms conceal part of their production. Some of it they barter on the black market for raw materials; some of it they give to their workers as supplementary pay. Shoes and nails, for example, may be given to the men, who trade them to farmers for food.

From the Burgomaster downwards, everyone insists that the people of Hamburg are weary of living on the victors' charity. Hope will dawn and men will rally their energies for constructive work only when they get their chance to pay their way by exports. At present the great bulk of German exports are raw materials, coal for France and timber for Britain. But the British Zone, when one takes into account the loss of the Eastern grain-growing provinces, and the influx of refugees, who have added one person in three to its population, can balance its budget only by a vast addition to its former export of manufactured goods. In a talk with the economists of the Chamber of Commerce it was an agreeable surprise to find them fairly cheerful about their long-term prospects. Enquiries and even orders, they told me, were pouring in from South America and even from Italy. But as yet there was little progress to report. The initial obstacles are formidable. German firms no longer have their representatives abroad nor their consulates. Would-be importers wish to buy c.i.f. not f.o.b., which is the only possibility at present. Communications are difficult and slow, for air mail is not available and foreign business telegrams require a special license. Financial transactions with the Russian Zone, which used to be Hamburg's chief Hinterland, are blocked. Barter transactions are ruled out by the Americans on principle and by the British because of the crying need for dollars. Finally German firms have lost the advantage of their patents.

The bi-zonal authorities aim at fostering foreign trade through the new Export-Import

Agency. But this organisation works slowly. A contract approved in Hamburg must be referred to Minden and finally to London. The method of price-fixing is complicated and experimental. The German prices current in 1938 are multiplied by a coefficient which varies for each class of goods, in order to reach the dollar world-price of to-day: the mark may in these calculations be rated as high as 52 or even 80 cents, whereas the normal official rate is only 10 cents. This process of price-fixing by a superior Allied authority is necessarily speculative, and since the aim of the British officials is, as one of them put it to me, "to prevent cut-throat competition," it may easily result in the fixing of export prices at a prohibitively high level. Ten per cent. of the proceeds are reckoned to the exporter in dollars, the rest in marks. The impression I gathered was that the Americans are not afraid of German competition but that the British are. As yet, whatever the reason, not a single transaction under this plan has been approved in Hamburg. The best chance in the immediate future may lie in the working-up by German manufacturers of imported raw materials, which remain the property of the foreign firm. The opening of the Export Exhibition in Hanover may quicken the pace, for licences will be issued on the spot, and supply of raw materials is guaranteed.

With few exceptions every talk in Hamburg began with the reminder that this city had welcomed the British as liberators and ended with a bitter expression of disappointment and frustration. Several British officials, here and elsewhere, have confessed plainly that we are now "hated." Germans no longer retain a belief either in our good intentions or in our administrative capacity. Some will say plainly that our conscious purpose must be to prevent the restoration of German industry as a possible competitor with our own. Others criticise us for indifference and the lack of any constructive purpose. The more fair-minded of our critics may realise how much of our failure is due to the frustrations of quadripartite control. But the average man faces the record of an Occupation which has now lasted for two years and a quarter, and on the material plane, at least, he can see in it not even the beginning or the promise of an improvement. The hunger, the overcrowding, the misery of the Eastern refugees, the demoralisation of the black market are not less than they were a year ago. Our handling of the basic problem of coal is still a failure, while the index of industrial production for our Zone fluctuates, but shows no tendency to rise above one-third of the peacetime level. Absorbed in the daily experience of the hard and seemingly hopeless life around him, the average German knows little of the loss and misery caused by his leaders' war to his neighbours, and he cares less. Of our own privations he is completely ignorant and he is slow to believe what one tells him. For this state of mind our inadequate propaganda is partly to blame: we have done a little but not nearly enough to fill the gaps in his knowledge due to fourteen years of isolation.

When one turns to the political side of our record, the achievement is decidedly better, but on the balance it seems to matter curiously little. It should mean much that Germans enjoy an appreciable measure of self-government, but it is still so limited that it has brought with it none of the stimulus that should come from a sense of responsibility. That will not come until they feel that their destiny is in their own hands. It is much that they can talk freely, that the dread of arbitrary arrest is gone, that the press in the British Zone can within limits criticise the Occupation: the shadow of the Gestapo is lifted from every man's door. But even here one must write with reservations. There are still, after two years, tens of thousands of prisoners awaiting trial for their share in the past. The net was flung too wide: it should have been enough to render Nazi party officials incapable of further mischief and to punish war criminals. The slow process of sifting and punishment inspires no confidence in its justice, and especially in the smaller towns life is poisoned by the fear of informers and the play of personal resentments and intrigue. This was a poor introduction to democracy.

One thing remains to be said. The faults of omission and commission that have made of our Occupation a bitter disappointment are due to the policy or lack of policy at the top. On the spot, in Hamburg as I saw it, the senior civilian officials of the C.C.G. are trusted and liked. From Governor Berry downwards, they are an able team of men, shrewd and yet capable of sympathy, who deserve the respect they have won. They are living modestly enough, and those who have no family with them are content with one room. It is the army that occupies more space than it needs. For the rest, Hamburg is fortunate in its Burgomaster, Herr Brauer, a man of courage, optimism and forthright speech, who gave up his American citizenship to serve his native town. The Socialist Party, which has come to life again under his leadership, is beginning to do some fresh thinking, though its younger ranks have been sorely thinned by persecution. This city still has in it the will to live. But it cannot begin to live or to work until, through the Marshall Plan or in some other way, it can satisfy its physical hunger. It is useless to talk politics or to plan an export drive until an adequate diet of 2,500 calories is guaranteed for six months ahead. That would end the shortage of labour by raising the workers' daily output from 40 per cent. to the normal level. Until this is done it will be impossible by any measures of police to suppress the black market. Only then, when the index of production shoots upward, will the propitious moment arrive for stabilising the mark. Everything in this ruined economy turns on calories, and these only the Americans can supply. H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE GYPSIES AND WORLD POLITICS

WHILE Bevin and Bidault met at Paris to debate the implications of the Marshall offer and Molotov's acceptance of their invitation to take part arrived, there took place at the little French village of St. Marie de la Mer a Congress of all the Gypsies. And there for the first time the gypsies split into Eastern and Western tribes. For the first time since the appearance of that mysterious people which, though it lives dispersed all over the world and though it belongs to divers religions and nationalities, has succeeded in preserving its solidarity, its language and its customs. That formerly they met once a year in that little French village to pay homage to their patron saint, Sarah the Gypsy, was merely the outward symbol of their solidarity.

This year, owing to transport difficulties, the gathering was held a month late and the huge stream of gypsies that once overwhelmed St. Marie had dwindled to a trickle of delegates. Particularly, the crowd of East European gypsies was missing, though single delegates made their appearance. And the otherwise purely religious festival was given a political character by the fact that an, as it were, constitutional question had to be solved, a question which had never caused any difficulties before. But the war and the extermination by the Nazis of large sections of the gypsies had transformed it into a new problem, difficult of solution: the election of the Gypsy king.

For centuries the kings were elected by the open votes of the whole people from among the ranks of two families, the Kvieks and the Saranas. The last officially elected king was Matthias Kviek, whose "residence" was in one of the suburbs of Warsaw. Though in the summer months he wandered about the country like his subjects, in winter he held his court, received delegations from all over the world and composed quarrels. He had the reputation of being a good and wise ruler. But one day he fell in love with a young gypsy girl, Mirza. He wanted to divorce his wife and make Mirza his queen. But the whole family of the Kvieks turned against the intruder and her illegitimate child. In 1938 the struggle ended in an unexpected manner: one day king Matthias was found dead, his body full of revolver bullets. From then on Gypsydom was split. Mirza laid claim to the throne in the name of her child and had many followers who were ready to elect her as rightful queen of the Gypsies. But at the last Gypsy congress before the war in the summer of 1939, her adversaries gained the upper hand and Jakob Saranas was chosen king.

He did not rule very long. At the beginning of the war Hitler began his campaign of extermination against the Gypsies, whom he hated almost as much as the Jews. The following legend about the cause of this hatred circulates among the Gypsies. After the July massacres of 1934 in Germany Hitler ordered an old Gypsy who was famed for his uncanny skill in reading palms to tell his fortune. He foretold Hitler's power, his victories and his catastrophic defeat. The Gypsy was killed in a concentration camp and later on, wherever Hitler's troops advanced, the Gypsies were mercilessly annihilated. Not only Mirza and her child but all the members of both royal dynasties were victims of this campaign of extermination. Of course there are many people who claim to be descended from one of the two families, but on closer examination their claims proved to be pure fabrications.

Wherefore the Gypsy congress at St. Marie de la Mer had the job not only of preparing for the election of a new king, but they had to determine the new family from whose ranks the future king would be chosen next year.

And now the conflicting views of East and West clashed sharply. The delegates from the Western countries, who represent the greater part of the estimated number of remaining Gypsies, point out that State direction of labour as practised by Russia and the East European countries destroys the basis of Gypsydom; that therefore the new dyanasty must come from the West which does not threaten the peculiar way of life of the Gypsies. The Eastern delegates, however, argue that the Western States too are trying to settle the Gypsies, and they quote the example of Belgium which built a special village for Gypsies with its own schools and churches in order to cure their "Wanderlust," and of South Wales, where under the Labour Government only the older generation of Gypsies is allowed to continue their old existence while the young are forced to go to school and to learn a trade. The chief of the Mexican Gypsies, who has the best chance of becoming king, underlined the temporary character of these measures and showed that neither Maria Theresia nor the Hungarian Archduke Joseph of Habsburg, a real friend of the Gypsies, who wrote the only textbook of the Gypsy language, succeeded in changing the national character of the Gypsies.

The discussion grew more and more heated and might have ended in blows if the gathering had not been of a religious character and the place of meeting regarded as holy. But in the evening, during the "Service of Darkness," while the silver shrine containing the bones of holy Sarah was lowered from the church ceiling by a golden chain and everyone present touched it and adorned it with a flower, all political passions had evaporated and only the deep emotion of the congregation could be felt. For according to an old Gypsy legend it was Sarah who founded the way of life of the Gypsies. The story goes that after the death of the Lord, Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalene, Mary Salome, Mary Jacobe and the maid servant Sarah left Palestine in a small boat and succeeded in landing on the French coast. Here in Ste. Marie de la Mer they went on shore and, while Lazarus and Martha proclaimed the Gospel and the Maries converted the heathen, it was the maid servant Sarah who provided for their physical needs by begging. And to touch the shrine with her bones protects you not only from illness but from dark passions. ERWIN TERRY

THE END OF THE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

If the recommendations of the Secondary Schools' Examination Council, published on September 30th, are implemented, the virtual disappearance of the Higher and School Certificates in their old form will represent for most Public Schools the passing of an epoch. The present system, substantially unaltered, has operated for more than thirty years. It has been the familiar background—often the major determining factor—in the professional life of almost every schoolmaster now teaching. For the majority of them their own adolescent education was shaped by the same system of external examinations and even the ardent reformer, who has long felt that it warped his own development and has increasingly distorted that of his pupils, may feel alarmed at the actual prospect of abruptly forsaking a route so well charted; which he travelled himself successfully many years ago and along which he has guided so many generations of boys.

The Committee's report is, of course, concerned with much more than merely the School Certificate. It seeks, by altering almost all present methods of selection and assessment, to stimulate a basic reform of secondary education. Children who may leave school at any age between 16 and 19 have to be fitted for all kinds of business and professional careers, for specialised technical courses elsewhere, or for higher education at the universities. The Committee has set itself to solve the long-standing problem how to assess and adequately to record the achievements, abilities and potentialities of all these leavers, so that university authorities, prospective employers, and those responsible for allocating State scholarships may find with ease dependable information about their candidate; and how to do this without cramping school curricula and limiting the development of pupils, as the present system tends to do, by making them conform to rigid and arbitrary qualification rules. Employers complain at present that the information available to them in School and Higher Certificates is insufficient and often misleading; and on the purely academic side there has been an increasing doubt as to whether the existing qualifying certificates in fact indicated the type of young man or woman best fitted to profit by university education. Above all there has been a growing volume of protest from the teaching profession itself that the insistence of parents and employers on "matriculation standards" has forced less academically gifted boys and girls to overstrain themselves and distort their natural development in the effort to reach a high level in subjects for which they have no aptitude; that the arbitrary selection of certain subjects as compulsory has narrowed curricula and gravely injured the progress of teaching methods in other subjects equally valuable; above all, that evidence of possession by a candidate of a quantity of knowledge which could often only too easily be "crammed" into him was not a sufficient basis for judgment on the success of his education.

To meet all these and other criticisms the Committee has made four main proposals: the maintenance of School Records; the use of Objective Tests in all secondary schools; Internal Examinations on a more standardised basis; and a reformed system of External Examinations. Of these the first three are so far little more than enunciations of general principles. The ordinary master in a Public School, naturally apprehensive at the thought of being jerked out of his well-worn rut, however much he may recognise the need for reform, may regard with suspicion the proposals for School Records and Objective Tests throughout the school. But he cannot yet tell how much they will upset his established routines, how much tiresome clerical work they will involve, and how far they will turn out in practice to be merely new names for operations with which he is already familiar. Most Public Schools already keep records sufficient to guide a boy's course of study in the school and to provide a comprehensive report on him when he leaves; and all that is really proposed is an experiment designed to co-ordinate and improve existing methods. Objective Tests will remain an object of suspicion to the old-fashioned until they know more exactly what they are; but they are clearly a means of assessing ability which will become increasingly valuable with experience. "Systematic internal examinations based on and designed to suit the particular courses and the pupils following them" are again a familiar feature of every Public School, and all that seems likely to result from the Committee's recommendation is an extension and standardisation of an existing technique which will in itself involve no decisive change of organisation, curriculum, or teaching methods. It is the fourth proposal which tends to disrupt the habits of the Public School master.

The new External Examination will include papers at three levels which will between them, it is hoped, cater for all the needs of the secondary school. There will be an examination at Scholarship level which should, with the other records available, furnish enough evidence to guide all those—College, University, Ministry and Local Education authorities—who have to make scholarship and other awards. Below this level there is to be a General Certificate of Education intended to supersede both Higher and School Certificates, which are to be abolished in 1950. In this there is to be a free choice of the widest possible range of subjects and in each subject there are to be papers at two levels, Ordinary and Advanced, the candidate being free to choose papers at either level in each subject and to take them when he likes, provided that he is over the age of sixteen. The pass at the Ordinary level is to represent roughly the present standard of a "Credit" in the School Certificate; that at the Advanced level the pass standard of the existing Higher Certificate. The mere possession of such a certificate will thus mean little or nothing as a qualification for employment or for further training in any branch of knowledge: "it will be," in the words of the Report, "the contents of it which will provide positive information about the holder."

Properly worked, such a system will be vastly more flexible than the existing one, enabling a boy to develop far more rapidly along his own most promising lines, exploiting his successes instead of reinforcing his failures. The artificial prestige conferred by the matriculation rules on Mathematics, French and Latin will disappear and they will have to compete on equal terms with other subjects, hitherto "luxuries," which may often provide a more valuable education for the boy without great academic promise. Staffing difficulties, however, and university requirements may well, especially at first, prevent the choice from being quite so free and wide as the Report suggests.

Many, perhaps most, Public School masters will feel a qualm of apprehension at the thought of the wholesale reorganisation involved. The mere alteration of the date of the examination from July to May must be a disconcerting, even if ultimately a stimulating, prospect to men into the fabric of whose lives the whole three termly system has been woven since their own boyhood, with its scramble of hectic activity at the end of the Summer Term as the climax of the school year. Often the School Certificate is the centrepiece of the organisation of their work. It qualifies for entry into the Upper School and for specialised study, for which the Higher Certificate in turn becomes the goal. The system is tidy and is sanctioned by custom. It provides for complete assessments of a boy's abilities by an external and impartial Board and gives a boy clear objectives and clear-cut judgments on his success and failure. The new system will not only throw much of the onus of such judgments on to the teaching masters, but will also give them vastly greater responsibilities in the guidance of their pupils' studies. The organisational difficulties involved can clearly be met by an overhaul of the system of internal examinations, but many more of the possibilities and dangers have still to be revealed. In general, however, the proposals are an admirable attempt to free secondary education from a system which was beginning to stifle it. Intelligently applied, they should, when difficulties of detail have been overcome, make it infinitely easier both to direct boys' studies in their own best interest and to pick boys for jobs or for further education. **William McElwee**

The Arts and Entertainment

AT THE MAYOR GALLERY

Although it is a commonplace to remark the unprecedented variety of both intention and means which contemporary art displays, the conclusion reinforced every time one goes the round of the private galleries is inescapable: the best English painters share little common ground—and the better they are the less they share. True, we have the Euston Rd. persuasion: but, two or three real artists apart, Euston Roadism is merely one of the easiest formulas offered to our art-students. As such, of course, it has its merits: its tonal exercises are a very good start for the beginner learning to see. Then, there's the opposite camp where the influence of Sutherland, Samuel Palmer and Wyndham Lewis seems the most notable. But these are the only distinct groups in England. Where in France one sees numerous—and very able—derivations from Picasso (past; almost present; but never future !) there is no corresponding evenness of intention or achievement over here. Though it may be irritating to come across the imitators of the still very eclectic Pignon (in whom Picasso's forms and Matisse's colours haven't yet shaken down together) I'm not sure such unity of artistic feeling as one finds now in Paris is altogether a bad thing. That none of the "young men" (the under 50s !) is a match for several of those now nearer 70 is nobody's fault. And in any case Picasso's inventive genius is a fact; what's the use of having a genius if we mayn't get ideas from him ? Obviously Picasso's chief function is handing out ideas—at top speed and half-digested, perhaps: he is a provider of grist for the mills of others, great and small.

But the point is this. No one is really free to paint "as he likes": there is, as it were, a certain prescribed area which has to be explored at a given time. The greater his talent the speedier and more direct will be an artist's exploration of this and no other area—for there *is* no other to explore, until the Future arrives. Of the possible directions in which creative genius may lead at the present time, Picasso is showing the way in more than one. The French, intelligent as always, are quick to follow; but we British absorb influences at a remove of some years and then are not always aware of the fact. Nothing would do our young painters more good than to set out, like apprentices of old, to study, imitate and emulate those modern masters they most admire—Matisse, Bonnard, Picasso, Braque, Rouault, Utrillo, Sutherland or Mathew Smith—they should take their pick, and to Hell with Originality !

Now a mixed exhibition at the Mayor Gallery juxtaposes established painters from both sides of the Channel. Sickert, John, Smith, Grant, le Bas, Paul Nash and Sutherland mingle with Vlaminck, Derain, Utrillo, Segonzac, Max Ernst and Miro. Below deck are Nicholson, Borés, a tiny Braque and drawings by Eduardo Paolozzi. With the exception of Nash, Sutherland, Smith and Nicholson the English here are not explorers. John was certainly born with something one must call genius and Sickert's knowledge of the craft of painting was prodigious: but Sickert's love and understanding were almost those of the scholar and John's interests don't seem centred in painting: the ignorant Christopher Wood was more truly creative than either of them. Mathew Smith, though ignored in France, is the one living Englishman whose use of colour is that of an initiate of the European tradition, while Sutherland and Nicholson both do superlatively well what no one else has ever done. Paul Nash is paradoxical: almost amateur in some respects, his eminence is assured because he succeeded in formulating the passionate nostalgia of an English nature poet in pictorial terms. But the Vlaminck watercolour on the same wall as the Nashes has the gusto and ease Nash lacks. I sometimes think the Fauve manner would provide the best point of departure for English students. Somehow we must achieve greater freedom in paint: the fine Fauve landscape here, by Vlaminck, surely shows a balance between observation and sheer expression that could be most instructive. PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"Bataille du Rail" and "Partie de Campagne," at the Academy

"The Macomber Affair," at the London Pavilion

"A Man About the House," at the Empire

The double programme at the Academy offers us a Renoir film, all but finished and dating from 1939, and René Clément's documentary of the part played by French railwaymen in the resistance, *Bataille du Rail*. To take the second first, here is a very well-made and moving re-enactment of the war years, beginning with the division of France into two and ending with the early successes and thrusts of the Normandy landings. The smuggling of men and documents across the dividing line changes gradually to sabotage on the grand scale, and culminates in whole trains wrecked and pitched battles behind the lines. It is a story we know well by hearsay, but the director, René Clément, has done more than fill out and pin down a legend. One sequence of half a dozen men taken as hostages, lined against a wall, and shot, while smoke goes up in the sidings and engine-whistles shriek a desperate farewell, has the tragic power of *Open City*. In general, though, this is a film that finds its drama in concerted action. The plodding violence is not unaccompanied by gaieties: the troop-train, for example, that ambles to and fro for weeks, nibbled at here, pushed back there, till in the end the wretched Nazis have to make their way on foot and by farm waggon to the front. After *Farrebique*, this is the most considerable French documentary I have seen.

Renoir's lyrical elaboration of a Maupassant story is charming. Three quarters of the film depicts a Sunday in the country spent by a Paris ironmonger, who has come to fish and whose wife and daughter, unthinkingly, are ripe for more romantic adventures. After they've enjoyed their *déjeuner sur l'herbe*, two "boating-men" (as they are called in the programme) gallantly row them up the river, while papa looks for chub and roach. These river scenes are altogether delightful, and what was intended as an amorous catch has turned into an idyll, when the rain comes down. The rainstorm sweeping the river is a poem in itself. The young girl (beautifully played by Mlle Sylvia Bataille) is already engaged to an almost cretinous apprentice, and some years later she returns, with her husband in tow, to this scene of a summer afternoon.

The Macomber Affair is a Hemingway affair of man, woman, and lion. Unhappily married, the Macombers have come to Africa: a little big-game hunting will soon put things right! So at least it appears to *him*, but he runs from his first lion, and when he stands up to a wounded buffalo, *she* goes and shoots him through the back of the neck. Not at all sporting; but that's her way. End of Macomber, "just"—as the professional hunter remarks who accompanies them—"when I was beginning to like the fellow." The merit of the film is that it provides a fascinating picture of modern big-game hunting, and that its tension of wills and pursuits carries a situation that might seem absurd if deliberately weighed. Mr. Robert Preston gives perhaps too rattled an impression of a man attaining to true masculinity (the buffalo stance), but Miss Joan Bennett's revelation of malignity is truly Strindbergian. Mr. Gregory Peck as the professional who has made the grade preserves a shining detachment. Or would if at the last moment Hollywood hadn't taken fright and paired him off with the murderess. This takes away from the acerbity of Hemingway's anecdote, the moral of which would seem to be that it was better in the old days when big-game hunters could leave their wives at home.

A novel (by Mr. Frances Brett Young) and a play have gone to the making of *A Man About the House*, which is rather shop-soiled in consequence. It is along familiar lines of fun that the two English maiden ladies—prim beyond their years—go to take up residence in an Italian villa, and gradually melt to the attentions of a handsome local butler. He marries one of them; that is well recognised too. He attempts to poison her—not so inevitable, but not so satisfactory either. The piece ends with a mixture of pathos, melodrama and irony. Mr. Kieron Moore as the butler, theatrical to the finger-tips, keeps the whole thing from falling to pieces. *A Man About the House* may not be among the best of recent English films, but undeniably it goes.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"Richard II."—The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company at His Majesty's

"Happy As Larry," at the Mercury

Are Shakespeare's histories performed in Moscow? The Russians might well be wrong, but they would at least build up a coherent picture because they would have an attitude even to this period of English history. As we do these plays now in this country, they are almost meaningless. A little Tory nostalgia (but what an argument for summary expropriation the whole cycle is!), some accurately copied costumes and gestures, a more or less sensitive feeling for Shakespeare's language, increasingly dexterous methods of changing the scenery and an occasional *prima donna* "new reading" of the title part (more recently, with Olivier, some minor figure is picked out for emphasis), these are what we "mount" (dreadful, deadly exact jargon word) on the comings and goings of the ceremonious blackguards who made England. What sort of people were they? Neither as they were nor as Shakespeare, the Tudor apologist, later saw them, can they have borne the least resemblance to the smooth juveniles of the West End stage to-day. Where the whole underlying conception is wrong, or rather where no possible conception exists, what is there to be said about any particular production? Walter Hudd has used a great deal of *real armour*, which his cast are frankly incapable of carrying without sagging at the knees. He has contrived some good scenic moments, of which the tournament at Coventry, with the passing of the tall lances, stands out in my memory. The pace is steady. Robert Harris is sturdier than some recent King Richards, though he frequently rolls his eyes to heaven like an El Greco saint, and in the prison at Pontefract his make-up, his wig, the agitation of his shoulders and the lighting conspire to make him look like a mad theosophist who suddenly finds herself figuring as the heroine in a play by Jean-Paul Sartre. On none of the minor parts can I find anything either helpful or exceptionally destructive to say. It is an undistinguished if industrious cast. One is left with the vision of all those young men staggering about under all that iron. One remembers the small audience tittering as, one after the other, the gloves were petulantly flung down and raised a puff of dust from the stage. Oh, yes, and then one dimly remembers that in the first act Beatrix Lehmann appeared for a moment as the Duchess of Gloucester and that one's response briefly quickened to a real technique able to create a sense of real grief.

Happy As Larry is a change from the ecclesiastical drone to which Martin Browne seemed committed at the Mercury. The production by Denis Carey would have seemed brilliant if the actors had been capable of implementing his directions, and, as it is, the stage is never less than alive. The play itself I cannot consider a play. I think it a charade. Even a farce should be logical and possess bone-structure. But Donagh MacDonagh's verse is gay and full of familiar echoes and truly aimed at an audience. Sheila Manahan is a highly agreeable stranger. Liam Redmond hangs his head in the manner required of the hairy Erse ape or man about the house, and Fred Johnson seemed happier in the O'Casey curtain-raiser, a pure improvisation. I sympathise, but could wish that actors at the Mercury need not so frequently make their entrances down the gangway.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

THE UNWANTED

On a day when the breath of roses
  Plumpened a swooning breeze
And all the silken combes of summer
  Opened wide their knees,
Between two sighs they planted one—
A willed one, a wanted one—
And he will be the sign, they said, of our felicities.

Eager the loins he sprang from,
  Happy the sheltering heart:
Seldom had the seed of man
  So charmed, so clear a start.
And he was born as frail a one,
As ailing, freakish, pale a one
As ever the wry planets knotted their beams to thwart.

Sun locked up for winter;
  Earth an empty rind:
Two strangers harshly flung together
  As by a flail of wind.
Oh was it not a furtive thing,
A loveless, damned, abortive thing—
This flurry of the groaning dust, and what it left behind!

Sure, from such warped beginnings
  Nothing debonair
Can come? But neither shame nor panic,
  Drugs nor sharp despair
Could uproot that untoward thing,
That all too fierce and froward thing:
Willy-nilly born it was, divinely formed and fair.

C. DAY LEWIS

Correspondence

IRANIAN OIL

SIR,—The U.S. attitude towards joint Soviet-Iranian oil development raises the whole question of American oil policy in the Middle East. Most observers seem to think that the Americans are anxious to exploit Middle East oil because there is a danger of American home-produced oil running dry, and that her consumption will soon exceed her production.

An examination of the facts shows this to be an entirely erroneous assumption, but a very convenient one from the point of view of the American expansionists, as well as a very profitable one from the point of view of the oil monopolists.

The American line runs as follows. Natural proved reserves of the U.S. at the end of 1946 were estimated by the American Petroleum Institute to be 20,873,560,000 barrels of crude plus 3,321,027,000 barrels of natural gas liquids, which at the 1946 rate of consumption (1,740,000,000 barrels) represents about 14 years' supply.

The total Middle East oil reserves were estimated by the U.S. Technical Oil Mission under E. Degolyer (1944) to be of the order of 26,000,000,000 barrels, and the rate of consumption of oil in the Middle East still is a mere fraction of that of the U.S.

It is therefore logical, the argument goes on, that the U.S., in order to conserve its natural reserves, should turn to other sources of supply and particularly to the Middle East.

This picture of the situation is so incomplete as to be completely fallacious. It is, first, necessary to distinguish between natural and total reserves of crude. Mr. Kemnitzer, the oil expert, writing in 1938, when the proved reserves of crude were 15 billion barrels, pointed out that they had been computed from fields occupying less than 2 per cent of the potential oil-bearing territory of the U.S.

In the same way, Astell J. Byrnes, president of the American Petroleum Institute, could say in 1935: "More than 1,000,000,000 acres of geographical formations which may contain oil remain to be explored. The nation's deposits of bituminous coal and oil shales are capable of yielding supplies of fuel adequate for centuries." According to Kemnitzer, the ultimate crude oil available in 1859, from all three sources in the U.S., has been estimated at 726,236,862,000 barrels made up in the following way:

39,091,877,000 brls. natural crude oil
92,144,985,000 brls. in oil-shales
595,000,000,000 brls. from coals

726,236,862,000 brls.

The quantities on hand at January 1, 1938, were:—

In natural crude oils	18,981,685,000	brls. i.e., 48.5 per cent. of original.
In oil shales ..	.. 92,144,635,000	brls. i.e., 100 per cent. of original.
In coals ..	.. 594,975,000,000	brls. i.e., 100 per cent. of original.
Total ..	.. 706,101,320,000	brls. i.e., 97.2 per cent. of original.

These figures do not take into account the possibility of doubling the 1938 reserve of 700,000,000 barrels in known productive sands to 1,400,000,000 barrels by the development of suspected deeper productive sands. Nothing is said of the 1,000,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum which are estimated to underlie tidal and submerged lands off the coast of California.

It is with this background in mind that Middle East oil reserves must be considered. The 26,000,000,000 barrels of crude constituting the proven reserves of the Middle East also represent, as accurately as present-day geophysical methods permit, the *total* reserves; for, as is well known, the Middle East completely lacks coal resources.

It is, therefore, false and unfair to suggest, as the Americans do, that the Middle East oil lands are, potentially, the greatest producers in the world.

Why, then, are American oil producers so attracted by the Middle East?

It is not possible in this letter to examine the strategic and political implications of physical occupation of the Arab oil lands by the Anglo-American oil trusts, nor to describe the effects on Middle East countries of the buttressing, against popular discontent, by the oil trusts, of the semi-feudal puppet kings and governments. But consideration of a few figures throws a revealing light on the growing American interest in Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, etc.

The average daily production of crude oil per well in 1940 was:

Iran	2,800	barrels
Saudi Arabia	1,400	„
Iraq	740	„
U.S.A. ..	9	„

Sir William Frazer, Chairman of Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., in his address to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers on March 17, 1947, gave a still more striking picture of the situation. While the highly productive East Texas oilfield, the largest in the world, is producing at the rate of about 17 million tons per year from about 24,000 wells, Haft el Kel (an Anglo-Iranian field) is producing 9 million tons from 24 wells.

If, to the very important factor of productivity per well, we add the factors of large-scale scientific exploitation of oil-fields as a whole (made possible by the monopoly concessions held by the oil companies over immense tracts of territory in the Middle East) and the incredibly low wages paid to locally recruited labour, we can explain the *enormous profits* made by oil operators in the Middle East.

According to Ralph T. Zook, President, Independent Petroleum Association of America, on April 28, 1944: "Production cost is low and it is estimated that it (M.E. oil) can be produced at 10 cents per barrel, including direct administrative expenses. The transportation cost on 300,000 barrels daily by pipeline to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean is estimated at 25 cents per barrel. . . ."

Follow the figures given below:—

(a) Royalties of 21-29 cents per barrel paid to governments.

(b) Tanker cost from Haifa to New York, with modern-day tankers, foreign officers and crews: 36 cents per barrel.

(c) Tax of 10½ cents per barrel (on oil from countries having "friendly contracts").

(d) 25 cents profit per barrel.

giving a total of $1.47½ per barrel delivered New York for M.E. oil as against the figure of $1.95 per barrel for American crude delivered Eastern seaboard, quoted by *Wall Street Journal*, on March 11, 1947.

The facts and figures, more than exhaustion or the fear of exhaustion of natural reserves, explain, together with strategic and political considerations, the eagerness of American Big Business, backed by State Department policy, to find alternative sources of supply of raw materials.

MICHAEL KATANKA.

THE TWO INDIAS

SIR,—The great merit of your article, "The Two Indias," is that it neither minimises, nor exaggerates, "the horrors of the continuing tragedy in the Punjab." There has been a lamentable lack of political commonsense in the reporting of these tragic events and in the comments which have been made on the basis of these reports. The "contempt and hostility" towards India, which you have noticed in the pronouncements of a great British statesman, has been equally evident in the great organs of the press. One leading newspaper editorially advised the use of aircraft carriers for the immediate evacuation of British families, though not a single civilian Britisher has ever been attacked, or hurt, during all these months of suicidal strife.

On the one side, there has been this scare-mongering; on the other, the continuous attacks on Hindus and Sikhs. The riots were a Sikh rising. The "Hindu" Press had fomented the trouble. Massacres were all taking place on this side of the border, i.e., the "Hindu" side. Only now and then were the Muslims being provoked to retaliation. Even Gandhi's warning of the impending threat of a war, which these riots, if they were to continue for long, must hold for the future of the two Indias, was turned and twisted by propagandists to imply as though Gandhi himself made the threat. Mr. Gandhi merely pointed out the logic of facts, and warned the nation beforehand to be prepared to avert the worst consequences of this continuing tragedy.

You have thus rendered a great service by giving a balanced account of events to your readers. The certainties which you have pointed out are worth reiterating: (1) Britain could not hold India for long; (2) at whatever date the British went, transfer of power on such a large scale would have always meant some disturbance and dislocation; and (3) the proportion of the country affected is still happily quite small.

To this list, may I be allowed to add two more. First, the long-term communal hatred theory preached by the Muslim League could not but have the effect that it is now having. For twenty years Muslims have been exhorted to violence against their neighbours by their political leaders. Those Muslims who foresaw the inevitable results of such "hate" politics were either dubbed as traitors, or made fun of as "showboys." Hatred begets hatred, and you have the situation to-day in India as a logical corollary of British Imperialism's support of Muslim League's communal fanaticism.

Secondly, the present riots are the results of riots which took place under British administration, in Calcutta, Noakhali, Bihar, Rawalpindi and Amritsar. The riots, in other words, have nothing to do with the transfer of power as far as their origin is concerned. The partition of the Punjab has added fuel to the fire, but even without the partition, the riots would not have come as totally unexpected. The Indian Governments have had a terrible heritage. By scare-mongering or by exaggerating the tragedy, the Indian Governments will not be helped, but the passions of the people, already aroused, will be further inflamed.

D. M. SEN

'ASPRO' costs you so little SAVES YOU SO MUCH!

What 'ASPRO' means to millions in terms of sheer saving of time, money and trouble is almost beyond compute. What else provides so much help, so effectively, in so many different ways? What else is so easy to use, so pure, so safe, yet so quick in action? **'ASPRO' POSITIVELY DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH,** and it's so easy to have on hand wherever you go. You owe it to yourself to keep 'ASPRO' by you during these tricky periods. Then why not

ARM YOURSELF NOW with 'ASPRO'

Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks

ASPRO 3½d. 6½d. & 1/3½

£3,920

FOR *YOU*—AT AGE 55

Suppose you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women it is slightly varied). You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55 you will receive £3,920 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,000 FOR YOUR FAMILY. Should you not live to age 55, your family will receive £3,000, even if you only live to make one payment.

INCOME TAX SAVED. On every payment to the Company you receive the appropriate rebate of income tax.

Why not write for details suited to your personal requirements? The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1 per month, and the cash or pension can in most cases commence either at 50, 55, 60 or 65. Please state your exact age and occupation.

H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)
10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

A Good Turn

To those to whom it is second nature to do a good turn, the Church Army appeals on behalf of men, women, and children needing a new start in life. The task of turning sadness into gladness is indeed a happy one — will YOU take a turn?

Cheques should be crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," and sent to the Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head, The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

10/170

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour from your handkerchief

Of Chemists 2/3

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V232

PURELY PERSONAL

A GOOD after dinner speaker always says "Have a King Six Cigar" (1/6d. each).

DEATH ON THE ROADS

SIR,—Critic's paragraph about road casualties is peculiarly unfair to the motorist. It is nonsense to say that "the motorist is in charge of a weapon much more lethal than a revolver." A revolver is designed and intended to kill or wound; motorists have a horror of being involved in an accident in which somebody is killed or wounded, as Critic can easily discover by talking to his motoring friends. To call a motor car a weapon implies that there is an intention in the motorist to use it as such, and this simply is not true. Critic refers to "the efforts made by the motorist to put the blame on the pedestrian and cyclist": blame for what? It has never been suggested by anybody that all road accidents are the fault of pedestrians and cyclists. In some accidents the motorist is to blame, in some the pedestrian, and in some the cyclist. Everyone who uses the roads has a duty to use them with care and consideration for other road users, and this applies to the pedestrian and cyclist just as much as to the motorist. If any one factor can be blamed for all road accidents, it is surely that our roads are used by such a wide diversity of people and vehicles, travelling at different speeds, from the pedestrian to the motor car, and from the nursemaid aged 16 pushing a pram to the eight-wheeled lorry with its fifteen-ton load. And, further, that our roads, or most of them, were originally designed for slow horse traffic. All who have studied this problem agree that the only way to reduce accidents is to re-design our road system and as far as possible to segregate traffic according to speed.

The suggested connection between Fascist politics and motor accidents is entirely false. In Italy and Germany the standard of driving has never been so high as in England, and they drive faster and there are many more reckless drivers, as anyone who has motored in those countries is aware. In China, in spite of the small number of cars, the accident rate is even higher owing to the lack of skill among Chinese drivers. The British motorist has to cope with roads and traffic which are more difficult than anywhere else in the world, and he drives with greater skill and care than is shown in any other country. It is a pity, therefore, that in Britain the motorist is always blamed for road accidents, and never receives any praise for avoiding them.

ROGER NORTH

THE CRIPPS'S PLAN

SIR,—I write as one completely bewildered by the widespread acceptance, by the Labour movement and the Left, of Sir Stafford Cripps's "new" economic policy. The acclamation with which it was received by the Federation of British Industries would not, by itself, dispose me against this policy if it did not appear to be erroneous independently of the F.B.I. acclamation.

The "battle for production" is now to be transformed into the "battle of the balance of payments" and we are to export a much greater proportion of our home production—including capital goods—in order to maintain, *inter alia*, our imports from abroad which are almost entirely consumer goods.

Even if we succeed in attaining the production levels necessary to attain the huge export targets and then succeed in selling these huge quantities of exports—and neither supposition commends itself even to the most optimistic—what would be the ultimate gain?

There can be no controverting the fact that Britain's fundamental problem is one of production. Our industrial plant, machinery and, in most cases, methods are inadequate in quantity, obsolescent in quality and very largely worn out. Can any policy which involves a vast curtailment of capital expenditure, with a consequent limitation of our future productivity, have any ultimate result other than to sink us deeper into the economic mire than we are at present?

When, in addition, the policy has as its main plank a vast expansion of exports with a resultant wide-open exposure of our weakened economy to the inevitable consequences of the next American slump, it seems to me to be not merely misguided but suicidal.

P. J. FINN

JUDICIAL MURDER

SIR,—Mr. Doganis's comparison between Mr. Petkov's execution and the death sentences passed by Greek Courts on "Resistance fighters," as Mr. Doganis euphemistically calls them, is somewhat naive.

Mr. Petkov was sentenced on evidence and in circumstances which the Western democracies have denounced as "judicial murder." In Greece, on the other hand, guerilla bands have taken up arms against the State in open rebellion against the legally elected Government, and this is a capital offence in any country. I hope Mr. Doganis is not propagating the theory that participation in the Resistance movement during the occupation automatically renders one immune from subsequent crimes.

With regard to Mr. Partsalides, the cause is *sub judice* and any advance comment would be contempt of court. But I think Mr. Doganis and your readers can rest assured that his trial will bear very favourable comparison with that of the late Mr. Petkov.

A. A. PALLIS
Greek Government Department of Information.

SIR,—Mr. Th. Doganis is right in denouncing the hypocrisy which expresses horror at the judicial murder of Mr. Petkov and shuts its eyes to the scores of judicial murders perpetrated by our Right-wing friends in Greece. The conspiracy of silence about Spain is even more revolting. Eleven years ago, according to the Duchess of Atholl (*Searchlight on Spain*, p. 134), Franco boasted that, in order to "save" Spain, he was prepared to kill off half the inhabitants; and since then, to do him justice, the chivalrous little fellow has done his best to honour his pledge.

No one in the history of Spain—not even the infamous Ferdinand VII—has jailed and executed more political opponents. A Catholic writer of Monarchist sympathies, M. Charles d' Ydewalle, who got landed (by mistake apparently) inside Franco's "Modelo" prison at Barcelona, thus sums up his experiences: "I can scarcely imagine that ever, in the course of history, the practice of killing could have been pursued so deliberately and with such tedious monotony." There are still, according to the *Spanish News Letter*, between ninety and a hundred thousand men and women in Franco's jails, and the firing squads are still busy.

Yet no Government has done more than our own, by trading arrangements and by cold-shouldering the Spanish democrats in exile, to shore up Franco's rotten and bloodstained régime. HAROLD BINNS

CAN AUSTRIA EXIST?

SIR,—The article from a special correspondent contains a grave inaccuracy. Your correspondent states that the infant death rate in Austria is five times the pre-war rate. According to the latest statistics that I have seen (reproduced in the May, 1947 issue of the Monthly Bulletin of Austrian Statistics published by the Economic Division of the British Element of the Allied Commission for Austria) the infant death rate *in Vienna* was in each of the first five months of this year from three to five times as high as in the corresponding months of 1939; but the rate for all Austria (including Vienna) was in each of these months lower than in 1939. In so far as infant mortality statistics are an indication of the nourishment that a group of people are receiving (it is as such that your correspondent quotes his), the correct figures show that the Austrian population outside Vienna (and, presumably, outside the other towns of Austria) is better fed than it was before the war; in other words, that the Austrian peasant and his family is now eating more of the produce of his fields, and delivering correspondingly less for sale, either on the white or on the black market, to his hungry fellow-citizens in the towns. NORMAN CAMERON

Off-season HOLIDAYS

It's a good idea! After September we can accommodate you. Please write to the Hotel you choose.

Corrie Hotel..................Corrie, Arran.
Douglas Hotel..........Brodick, Arran.
Lamlash Hotel..........Lamlash, Arran.
Crawford Hotel...Crawford, Lanarkshire.
Douglas Arms Hotel......Douglas, Lanarkshire.
Clydesdale Hotel....................Lanark.
Caledonian Hotel....................Lanark.
Black Bull Hotel...Killearn, Stirlingshire.
Gartocharn Hotel..........Lochlomondside.
Balloch Hotel...Balloch, Lochlomondside.
Ailsa Arms Hotel.........Girvan, Ayrshire.
King's Arms Hotel......Girvan, Ayrshire.

PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST
(Glasgow) Ltd.
1 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3.
'Phone: DOUGLAS 6886.

SCOTTISH TRUST HOTELS
Gen. Manager D. McDOUGALL

CATALOGUE READY SHORTLY
Extensive Short List of Recent Purchases in Economics, Politics, Social Sciences, Philosophy and Allied Subjects.
GALLOWAY & PORTER LTD.
University Booksellers
CAMBRIDGE (ENGLAND)

your Savings Earn!
2¼% TAX FREE
HASTINGS & EAST SUSSEX BUILDING SOCIETY
ESTABLISHED 1851
WELLINGTON PLACE · HASTINGS

Health Horizon Health Horizon
HEALTH HORIZON
October issue includes:
THE FEELINGS OF ANIMALS
Brian Vesey-FitzGerald
ASTHMA
R. J. S. McDowall
Five shillings per year
January, April, July, October
Tavistock Hse. North, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1
Health Horizon Health Horizon

NAVIGATION ON THE ROAD?

When the *Queen Mary* enters a busy port, she and all the other vessels obey the recognized lights and signals on which safe navigation depends.

We, too, obey lights and signals — and rely on them for safety — when we drive or ride or walk on the roads.

We are, in fact, "road navigators." Modern traffic simply could not work without a set of rules which we all accept.

Unfortunately, we don't all know and understand the principles of Road Navigation — or we forget or ignore them. And some of us don't yet realize that the rules apply to *everyone*. We are *all* part of the traffic — walkers as well as cyclists and drivers.

By learning to be skilful Road Navigators, we can help ourselves and everyone else to *get home safe and sound*.

GET HOME SAFE AND SOUND
Issued by the Ministry of Transport

FROM EAST AFRICA

writes a Service Doctor

"I smoke far more
JOHN SINCLAIR'S Barneys
than is good for me!"
Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1oz. 4/1d.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE novelist is the victim of a passion. Whether it is one of those absurd, unequal passions from which it always seems to be our friends and not ourselves who suffer, depends on the measure of his talent. It might—mightn't it?—so nearly have been Mrs. Amanda McKittrick Ros who sang to her Muse of Fiction: "I turn, I screw round, and bend my lips to passionately, in my gratitude, kiss its hands," instead of Henry James. Mr. Robert Liddell in his interesting, though sometimes rather aggravating essay*, has set out, more completely than Mr. Percy Lubbock or Mr. E. M. Forster, to analyse the methods of these victims and to describe their behaviour:

> The present study aims at making some use of the information which many writers, great and small, have left us about their art, about the raw material presented to them by life, about the form they wished to impose on it, about their struggles with it, and about those gifts of inspiration which have seemed to come to them from nowhere,

and we can sincerely echo his own words

> Any attempt to treat the novelist seriously, as an artist, not as a medium or a reporter, is at the present time a service, however humble, to literature.

For how serious, how desperately serious, this passion must be to its victims to make them continue enslaved and not at the end of their first book renounce this form of love for ever. By comparison with the lyric poet's or the painter's, the novelist's life is a despairing one. A work which takes him so long a time, a time that has to be measured in years rather than months, that has, therefore, to be written against so many varying and warring moods, how can it ever attain the satisfactory unity of a poem or a picture? His passion may give him moments of contentment or even of happiness, but he is aware all the time of how this love affair will close. This is not a marriage: this is a passion doomed sooner or later to end. It already contains the hatred and the dryness of heart that will succeed it. Mr. Liddell quotes, among others, Proust:

> "Nous sommes obligés de revivre notre souffrance particulière avec le courage du médecin qui recommence sur lui-même la dangereuse piqûre."

And there are a crowd of other witnesses I would suggest for a later edition. Tolstoy turning back unwillingly to work:

> "Now I am settling down again to dull commonplace *Anna Karenina*, with the sole desire to clear a space quickly and obtain leisure for other occupations."

Flaubert rounding on the hated Bovary:

> "My accursed Bovary torments and confounds me. . . . I am utterly weary, utterly discouraged. You call me a master—what a sorry master I am. There are moments when it all makes me want to die like a dog."

Chehov:

> "My soul has wilted from the consciousness that I am working for money and that money is the centre of my activity. This gnawing feeling . . . makes my authorship a contemptible pursuit in my eyes; I do not respect what I write."

and that terrible scene of exhausted irony in Conrad's letters when, shut in a small Swiss hotel with two sick children demanding his compassion, he tries to conclude *The Secret Agent*:

> "I seem to move, talk, write in a sort of quiet nightmare that goes on and on. From the sound next door. . . . I know that the pain has roused Borys from his feverish doze. I won't go to him. It's no use. Presently I shall give him his salicylate, take his temperature and shall then go on to elaborate a little more the conversation of Mr. Verloc with his wife. It is very important that the conversation of Mr. Verloc with his wife should be elaborated. . ."

Isn't this a passion, an obsession and a self-disgust comparable to that of Rossetti when he left his wife, for the sake of a sexual adventure, to die alone?

"The contemporary novel falls roughly into two main categories, each of which may be sub-divided into two sub-categories"—so Mr. Liddell, trying to deal coolly and dispassionately with this degrading passion. The quotation does not really do him justice, for we are conscious, even when he seems to us over dogmatic or even a little naïve, that he is himself a victim; Mr. Percy Lubbock, on whose admirable *Craft of Fiction* my literary generation was brought up, was an outsider; and for that reason, perhaps, saw rather more clearly than Mr. Liddell the main technical problems of the novelist and at the same time, like a wise schoolmaster, trained us for freedom. Never surely since his time has a novelist shifted a "point of view" without being conscious of the danger he was running, or spoken in his proper person without arguing with himself the merits and demerits of the pure objective novel. He established Henry James and Flaubert like monitory statues in the forecourt of our minds, but we felt that expulsion would not necessarily follow a sufficiently studied act of rebellion.

Mr. Liddell, partly perhaps because he is a much younger man, partly because he is himself a victim of the passion he is trying so objectively to treat, is much more of a partisan. As a novelist himself he has learned at certain venerable knees, and he would have us all kneel there too. Sometimes he writes as unfairly as George Moore (whose books of literary criticism, *Conversations in Ebury Street* and *Avowals* are now too much neglected.) Moore, it will be remembered, wrote of Hardy: "The best prose is usually written by poets . . . and I do not think I am going too far when I say that Mr. Hardy has written the worst," while Mr. Liddell compares him as a craftsman unfavourably with Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, and in a rather naive passage of his essay (naivety is sometimes apparent in a dogma insufficiently reasoned): "Highbury is really a more satisfactory background for a work of fiction than Edgon, *apart from the fact* that the people of Highbury are of incomparably greater interest." (The italics, of course, are mine.) Mr. Liddell follows George Moore too in treating Tolstoy a little disdainfully: George Moore felt that a yacht race might well have been included among the "properties" of *War and Peace* and Mr. Liddell seems to suggest that the Napoleonic War might be excluded. From this it will be concluded correctly that Mr. Liddell is an admirer of Jane Austen.

This is not a criticism of Mr. Liddell's attempt to show us how a novel is made, but it is a classification of his essay. Both his predecessors in this field, Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Forster, have followed the same particular stream in the history of the novel: it winds from Jane Austen to Henry James and then on to Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster himself (Mr. Liddell adds an excellent essay on Miss Compton Burnett). A curve is made to bring Flaubert in: it would have been, we feel, rather to his own surprise, and certainly to the surprise, and modified disapproval, of James. The novel, explained, described, analysed, with these examples mainly in mind, takes on a curiously uniform, but oddly feminine—or even "sissy" air. It would be interesting for once to read an essay on the technique of the novel in which a different stream was followed: the stream perhaps Defoe, Fielding, Dickens, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Balzac, and on in contemporary times to M. Mauriac. I think it is assumed wrongly by followers of the Austen tradition that these other figures—writers of genius though they may have been—were not interested in the technique of their profession, that there is nothing we can learn from them. No one, it is true, before or since has examined his craftsmanship and explained it with the care and profundity of Henry James, but James had the good fortune to build on foundations laid by his great contemporaries, Turgenev and Flaubert; while Fielding, living at a period when the novel was in its infancy, made revolutionary experiments which were not to be adopted for more than a century after his time. Think of the experiment with Time in *Amelia* (dull novel though it be, it anticipates Conrad) and his attempt to exclude the author from the novel and yet retain the author's viewpoint in *Tom Jones*. Tolstoy worked so hard on *War and Peace* that he even pursued his much corrected proofs with telegrams to the compositors, and I refuse to believe that Dickens was unaware of the methods he was pursuing. If we disagree with the method we are too apt to believe that there is no method. Flaubert, and James after him, have made us so conscious of the value of the "pure novel" that we forget there are other values other writers have pursued, that the novel's purity, like the chastity of Clarissa, may involve too great a price. Mr. Liddell here is a little disingenuous. At some moments as wildly dogmatic as an undergraduate in his first tutorial essay, at others he leaves statements bristling with loopholes for escape at the *viva*:

> While admitting a degree of legitimate difference in taste, it is reasonable to claim that such structurally perfect novels as *Emma*, *Madame Bovary* and *The Ambassadors*, whose underlying principle is dramatic rather than epic, belong to a higher artistic order than the more rambling of the Waverley novels or *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

He has deliberately, you will notice, chosen one of Dickens's worst books and assumed one of Scott's least capable. If he had substituted *War and Peace* his sentence would have contained a clearer intention, but one he would have found it hard to defend.

No, *A Treatise on the Novel* cannot, as technical criticism, rank with Mr. Lubbock's *Craft of Fiction*, but nevertheless it deserves praise for the reason Mr. Liddell has himself given. The dignity of the novel has been neglected in the past twenty years and a book of this kind does a service to the reader as well as to the practitioner. Trollope wrote of "the unconscious critical acumen of the reader" but the novelist is not likely to complain if his reader's acumen becomes more conscious. No service to literature will be done, however, if he becomes conscious only of winds from one quarter. I should like to warn this innocent reader (who exists probably only in the reviewer's mind): Don't forget the use of the word "why?"—don't hesitate to question Mr. Liddell's dogmas. We have already quoted one, on the background in Hardy's novels. When he writes "too grand a scene in the background may overpower the people in the foreground, so that the author may lose more than he gains by his scenic effects," give Hardy the credit for being quite conscious of what he was doing (it was his desire to dwarf his people at moments just as, in the stage directions of *The Dynasts*, he watched the peoples of Europe warring across the landscape, with an Immortal's eye). When Mr. Liddell criticises Joyce because in *Ulysses* "it is impossible to develop any other character in the book on the same scale (as Bloom)," give Joyce too the credit of knowing exactly what he was about. This sentence of Mr. Liddell's is not criticism: it is merely description. *Ulysses* would not be what it is—or *The Odyssey*—if it contained more than one character of epic proportions. When Mr. Liddell writes: "Novels are nearly always concerned with life as it is or has been lived, and only very exceptionally (and seldom satisfactorily) with life as it might be," realise that he is, deliberately, twisting Chehov's apothegm into a meaning Chehov never intended. Chehov was contrasting the action and setting of his stories with the mood of the author: the mood of the author, Mr. Liddell happily and truly remarks, should be one of Justice and Mercy, and while Justice sees and draws the world as it is, the mood of Mercy is aware of what it might be—if the author himself, as well as all the world, were different. In a passage admirably free from dogmatic assumption or narrowness of appreciation, Mr. Liddell writes:—

> "A novelist may be Protestant, Catholic, agnostic or atheist; he may be imperialist, pacifist, conservative, liberal or socialist, independent or apolitical. He may be any of these things with complete conviction—a conviction firm enough for him to think all other points of view mistaken. But he may not have an angry conviction. He must be able to understand and to sympathise with views he does not share. He must not think that everyone who differs from him is ill-informed, unintelligent or acting in bad faith."

GRAHAM GREENE

---

* A Treatise on the Novel. *Jonathan Cape*. *9s. 6d.*

THE DEVIL

The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner. By James Hogg. Intro. by André Gide. *Cresset Press.* *8s. 6d.*

The Scots used to have the special advantage of being on speaking terms with the Devil. He filled and blackened the mouths of their preachers; he haunted their lore. Into the labyrinth of their introspective writing he worked his way like a grit, until (it must be confessed) the Scottish conscience is a byword and their theology one of the comic arts. But against these losses there must be set the gains. The Devil fits into the raw, wild, yet circumstantial imagination of the Scots, like a harsh key into an ancient lock, and no culture has got so much out of him. A novel like Scott's *Old Mortality*, a document like Hogg's *Justified Sinner* (long out of print and now re-issued with an introduction by André Gide, that connoisseur of Protestant aberration) reveal the fierce inner life of the Puritan mind.

Hogg's book was published in the 1820s. Like Scott, he looked back upon the tribal and religious bigotry of Scottish history with the horror of a humane and tolerant mind. (English critics who reproached Scott for his conservatism, as Hazlitt did, forgot that he had two centuries of rabid faction behind him and was sickened by it.) In spite of this horror, Hogg fortunately retained the ineradicable native relish for the twists and dramas of the Puritan conscience and for the climate of alarm and self-accusing vision in which it lives. The sinner of his story belongs to that branch of Calvinism which believed in Predestination. M. Gide links these sectaries with the Antinomians who followed the teachings of Johannes Agricola in the 16th century; they held the dangerous and once more popular belief that the child of God cannot sin. The Elect had been predestined to salvation by the Divine Grace not by works; the damned were irredeemable. It was, therefore, natural for the Elect to regard themselves as infallible; and it was but a step to the conviction that the damned could be liquidated by any method, and without sin; and only another small step to the proposition that the Elect could sin as fast as they pleased.

The Jehovah's Witnesses, the Communists, the Fascists, indeed any of the fanatical groups of elect persons in modern ideologies, have made us familiar with casuistry of this kind; and almost any page of Hogg's thriller has its contemporary echo. The bourgeois are born to be damned; only the Elect are saved by the grace of revolution; the social democrat notion of reformation by works is wicked, i.e., likely to expose the pretensions of the Elect. But that is only part of the extraordinary interest his book has accidentally taken on, as Europe re-enacts the religious wars. Hogg's immense interest, apart from the telling of an exciting story, is in his startling anticipation of the doubles and schizophrenics of Dostoevsky and of some of the psychological elements of Freud. Many religious works now seem to us masterly exercises in psychology, and there, as M. Gide says, lies Hogg's achievement. He has sifted, as finely as any of his Edinburgh judges, the process by which the fanatic becomes the criminal, and the saint by excess becomes the sinner.

The story is told twice, an old-fashioned and dilatory device, which, however, has the advantage of doubling the drama. First we see the sickly fanatic, Robert Wringhim, praying and preachifying, consumed by inferiority and envy. He is told by his father that he is of the Elect, meets a youth, exactly like himself in body and dress, who is his higher self, or guardian angel. Presently the angel becomes the evil genius who lures him step by step to the persecution of his friends and family, to fratricide, robbery, seduction, more murder, hallucination and self-destruction. The hints of the first narrative are enlarged in the thrilling second part, where Wringhim writes his confession. Here the detestable man becomes human and even pathetic, but never forgivable, for he is forever in thrall. We see the process by which he becomes conscious of the second self and how this second self changes its form and grows until it consumes him. After the first murder Wringhim's conscious self is in abeyance. He imagines he is spending a few days innocently in bed. In fact, preserved by the Devil, he is rioting in the house and in the neighbourhood. When he comes round it is to find his familiar beside him, recording his horrible deeds:

> When I lay in bed, I deemed there were two of us in it; when I sat up I always beheld another person, and always in the same position from the place where I sat or stood, which was about three paces off me towards my left side . . . the most perverse part of it was that I rarely conceived myself to be any of the two persons.
>
> I thought for the most part that my companion was one of them and my brother the other; and I found that, to be obliged to speak and answer in the character of another man, was a most awkward business in the long run.

Wringhim is sold to the Devil, but Hogg's Devil is the most liquid of fiends. He takes the form of any dominant image in Wringhim's unconscious wishes. And these ingeniously complement his conscious situation. The notion that he is of the Elect comes to him when he discovers he is a bastard; the discovery that his legitimate brother is the heir coincides with Wringhim's decision that his brother is predestined to be damned and is therefore rightly murderable. After that Wringhim lives in the exaltation of megalomania and the flashes of real understanding become tragically brief and very moving.

Hogg's story is done in the plain, circumstantial, domestic manner of the period, and the terror and ingenuity of the story are relieved by the genre portraits in which the Scottish school excels. In the prison interview, for example, between the Wringhims' housekeeper and a proud female thief waiting her trial in gaol, Hogg showed he was a master of ordinary and typical portraiture. The picture of the old housekeeper, out for justice, but too timid to take a risk, is remarkable. Or again there is this sight of the old preacher as he comes along the road towards the ambush:

> He, however, came onward, and I will never forget the manner in which he came! No, I don't believe I ever can forget it, either in the narrow bounds of time or the ages of eternity! He was a broadly, ill-shaped man, of a rude exterior, and a little bent with age, his hands were clasped behind his back and below his coat, and he walked with a slow swinging air that was very peculiar. When he paused and looked abroad on nature, the act was highly impressive; he seemed conscious of being all alone, and conversant only with God and the elements of his creation. Never was there such a picture of human inadvertency! A man approaching step by step to the one that was to hurl him out of one existence into another with as much ease and indifference as the ox goeth to the stall.

It is the plain manner of the 18th century, but it is not a dull manner. A tale of terror requires the circumstantial and Hogg's method leads him into the most happy minuteness of observation so that, like a master of story-telling, he raises our emotion by keeping his down. The cunning use of flaws in the evidence and of conflicting stories, the care to preserve the illusion of one probing a mystery uncertainly—these are typical of his means. It is true that he flags sometimes; that the book suffers from the narrowness of the case history. M. Gide's delight in Hogg's insight into the physiology of evil possession has led him to put an extreme value on it. But if it is a curiosity, the *Justified Sinner* is a *tour de force* with the full impulse of his country behind it.

V. S. Pritchett

FLY

IN BRITAIN'S NEW VIKINGS

In regular service between London and Oslo, Gothenburg, Stockholm, Helsinki (small chartered plane), Hamburg, Berlin, Amsterdam, Prague, Brussels, Geneva, Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Athens, Istanbul, Ankara, Bordeaux, Madrid, Gibraltar, Lisbon. Soon the BEA services to Frankfurt and Vienna will be Viking routes. BEA also operate regular daily services on their internal network in England, Scotland and N. Ireland. The main lines London—Glasgow and Glasgow—Belfast are Viking routes.

BEA

BEA
THE KEY TO EUROPE

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
HEADQUARTERS NORTHOLT MIDDLESEX.
Reservations and enquiries through all principal travel agents and at Airways Terminal S.W.1.
Victoria 2323

AMBASSADOR

TO CHINA,

PORTUGAL,

U.S.A. AND

VENEZUELA

The export of films is more than a commercial transaction. It is a bid for friendship, a 'getting together.' For understanding and goodwill are also among the earnings—because with every film we send abroad we send something of ourselves, too. 'Meet Bill Jones,' we say to the world. 'Not a bad chap when you get to know him.'

J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

THE MIDLAND BANK

invites you to consult the Manager of your local branch whether you are a customer of the Bank or not. He will always be ready to explain how helpful is the wide range of services offered by the modern bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

A COUNTRY RAMBLE

England's Green and Pleasant Land. By J. W. Robertson-Scott. *Penguin.* 1s.

Housing for the Country Worker. By M. F. Tilley. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Home Made Home. By R. Duncan. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Settlers in England. By Fred Kitchen. *Dent.* 9s. 6d.

The essays reprinted in *England's Green and Pleasant Land* are as alive to-day as when they were written for *The Nation* twenty-five years ago, since they describe the conditions which have, for better or worse, framed the general outlook of the present generation of farmers and farm workers. England's standard of living is to a considerable extent dependent on these peoples' ability to reduce the cost of their produce by half while doubling its amount, a thing which can only be done if farmers think clearly and their men become skilled machine users. The reader of Farmer Joad's *Impressions* the other week may have gathered that most farmers were of markedly unprogressive habit of mind, and that those of their workers who were not wedded to obsolete techniques were eager to be off into other industries. There are exceptions, farmers of the type represented by Clyde Higgs and Rex Patterson, but they are all too few; the majority of the employers and their men are incapable of responding to the demands now being made on them—they have been deformed by the social setting which Mr. Robertson-Scott describes with such controlled anger and precision. Some of the elements of the setting, appalling housing, dirty and inefficient church schools, government by ratepayers, and a monied class taking its privileges and letting its duties go hang, have been modified in detail during the past twenty-five years, but the damage has been done to one generation and enough of the bad survives to inflict serious damage on the rising generation, the young men with fresh minds who should be learning to use the new machines with the craftsman's enthusiasm and are, on the contrary, longing to escape into another trade. What Mr. Robertson-Scott describes is the countryman's picture of normal life in the countryside—some passages written by Surtees in the 'fifties of the last century could be incorporated into the essays without alteration—and farmers and men alike think it will revert to this savage normal as soon as sterling becomes an international currency again. The book provides the necessary reminder that there is possibly more bitterness in farming than there is in mining, and need for as great an effort for reform.

Housing for the Country Worker is the translation of Mr. Robertson-Scott's essays into the language of the architect and planner. It necessarily cannot have the impact of a book addressed to the general reader, but it should be required reading for anyone in the country who intends to take part in local politics. The chapters on the siting of new housing in old villages, and the constructive criticism of some of the common types of new rural housing, are brilliant and in the main extremely humane in that they pay a good deal of attention to the irrational and emotional preferences which tend to be disregarded in this sort of study. It is only occasionally that one sees the cloven hoof in such a remark as "But there is surely no earthly reason why this vegetable garden should be so firmly and rigidly attached to the house? Allotments . . ." There is indeed no reason why it should be nicer to slip out of the back door for half an hour's pottering than to go up the street to an allotment, but the instinct is to be suspicious of anybody who asks for one. This is however a minor criticism of an excellent book, as sound on the aesthetic as on the practical side.

With *Home Made Home* one plunges into the murky world of the small-holder while will o' the wisps dart in all directions. A fizzing attack on Ruskin, a fizzing attack on banks, a crotchet here, and another there, all potstewed with a rambling account of the way to build a house of chalk, create the impression that Mr. Duncan is talking nonsense. But it is quite true that a great deal of good living can be won from a three-acre holding by anyone who has another main source of income, and the plans given of the home-made home itself are extremely practical. Nonsense to sense is in, however, about the proportion of two to one throughout and the winnowing process is somewhat wearing. Another account of life on a small-holding is given by Fred Kitchen who got into an undersized soft fruit and vegetable producing unit without enough capital and without the necessary singlemindedness. He was an easy-going man, trained as a farm worker, who liked to swap a horse now and again and to drop into town to see a film when he felt like it; his account of his narrow escape should be an awful warning to those who think they can stroll out of town into competition with the most highly mechanised and specialised producers in the game.

Anthony West

NINETEENTH-CENTURY POLITICS

Crimean War Diplomacy and other historical essays. By Gavin Burns Henderson. *Jackson.* 21s.

The author of these studies, which are largely concerned with English political and diplomatic events of the 1850s, met an untimely death in an air accident at the end of the war. His loss was a serious one to historical scholarship, especially as the period on which he was a leading authority has been strangely neglected by the academic historians. Although pedants are inclined to curl their lips, and professors are apt to fold themselves more closely in their gowns, at the mention of Lytton Strachey, it is probably true that his books on the Nineteenth Century, though written a quarter of a century ago, are still of greater service to historical learning than the stodgy little outpourings of his critics. The reason for this is not far to seek. Strachey concentrated his attention on the fundamental authorities for this period—the Greville Memoirs and the official biographies of the leading personages of the time. Although Dr. Henderson had done much original research at the Record Office, in the Royal Archives and in Disraeli's Papers, he did not, as is the habit of some historians, magnify his discoveries at the expense of these printed authorities. Indeed, Dr. Henderson would argue that contemporary observers are often far nearer the truth than those who come afterwards, poking and peering their way through a maze of dispatches, cabinet minutes and private letters. He rightly says:

> The contemporary has many advantages over the historian. He has the spirit of the age, he can ask questions and judge from the tone of an answer whether the truth is told or not. He can go at least as far, by intuition and common sense, as the historian with all his sources.

This diffidence, this refusal to pontificate and a kindliness to other workers in the same field, make this book easy to read and compensate for a certain starkness of style.

Dr. Henderson has, of course, his likes and dislikes, and to one reader at any rate it is gratifying to find that Disraeli is decisively among the dislikes. He devotes an interesting chapter to Ralph Anstruther Earle—an accomplished young man who in 1854, at the age of 19, became an unpaid *attaché* at the British Embassy in Paris. This youth met Disraeli and at once formed a romantic attachment for him. He became a kind of secret service agent providing

CHATTO
OUT ON THURSDAY
Prehistoric Britain
Jacquetta and Christopher Hawkes
A fascinating survey, in human terms, of English pre-history up to the Roman conquest; with many line-drawings and 23 half-tone plates. 15s. net.
Burr Oaks
Richard Eberhart
A new volume of poems by the author of *Song and Idea* and *Reading the Spirit*. 6s. net.
BOOKS

Thomas W. Lamont
MY BOYHOOD IN A PARSONAGE
"There are few who can communicate childhood's happiness, its energy, its confidence and its glow, and Mr. Lamont is one of the few."
CHARLES MORGAN in the "Sunday Times."
Illustrated October 20th
12s. 6d.
★
W. B. Curry
EDUCATION FOR SANITY
A challenging book for parents by the headmaster of Dartington Hall.
Just Published 7s. 6d.
HEINEMANN

SEX AND COMMON-SENSE
MAUDE ROYDEN
D.D., C.H.
"Dr. Royden shows us how to alleviate much of our modern distress in sex matters"—
Daily Express
Now Out *8/6 net*
HURST & BLACKETT LTD

JAM SAUCE
STANLEY LLOYD
Sparkling with wit and crisp dialogue, "Jam Sauce" will appeal to all lovers of light, humorous fiction
Now Out *9/6 net*
STANLEY PAUL & CO., LTD

FABER BOOKS
Personality in Politics
Sir ARTHUR SALTER
The author of *Recovery* and Chairman of the Advisory Council to the International Bank presents absorbing first-hand studies of contemporary statesmen who dominate, or have dominated, the political scene in Britain, the U.S.A., Europe and China.
Book Society Recommendation. 12/6
Grandfather Longlegs
IAN MORRISON
The first authentic biography of Seagrim, set against the background of the Karen people and their place in modern Burma. *Illustrated.* 12/6
Fire out of Heaven
SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN
The fifth volume of her unique war-diary. "Will remain a valuable record of the ups and downs of informed public opinion." — R. H. S. Crossman, *New Statesman.* 16/-

Disraeli with all kinds of secret information from official sources with which he could harass the Government. This correspondence was closely examined by Dr. Henderson, who finds it filled with curious hints and allusions. The whole episode provides illuminating proof of the saying that the official cask, unlike the ordinary cask, invariably leaks from the top.

For those interested in political history in England perhaps the most stimulating parts of the book are the estimate of Palmerston and the account of the opposition to him based on the policy of the pacifists with whom Cobden and Bright were associated. It is often loosely supposed that internationalism and pacifism were virtually unknown before the advent of socialism. This does a grave injustice to a handful of forgotten idealists and to the full teaching of the Manchester School. In 1851, when Palmerston was at the height of his power, or as Bright would have said at the zenith of his mischief, an international peace conference was held in London sponsored by the Peace Society and attended by more than 1,200 delegates. While it is true that over 1,000 of these were British, this does none the less give some indication of the sincerity with which this country, even at the flood tide of its prosperity, has pursued the ideals of internationalism. But as Dr. Henderson points out, the disturbing portent was that when the war fever swept the country at the time of the ridiculous war in the Crimea, it attacked most strongly those large working-class constituencies whom Cobden imagined to be immune from contagion. The same portent—though the results were perhaps more disastrous—was likewise observed when the jingo scourge attacked the country in the 1890s.

ROGER FULFORD

CRITICS' AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Autobiography By NEVILLE CARDUS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I Do What I Like. By W. A. DARLINGTON. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Mr. Cardus and Mr. Darlington missed each other at Shrewsbury School by two years; otherwise, the future music critic of the *Manchester Guardian* would certainly have bowled at the nets to the future dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph;* but not vice-versa, for Mr. Cardus was the assistant cricket pro, and pros at public schools, it seems, never have the pleasure of batting. These two lives have been oddly parallel and, as is proper to parallel lives, they do not appear ever to have met. Both, while at Shrewsbury, came under the influence of Dr. Alington, who encouraged Mr. Darlington to write and, discovering the assistant cricket pro reading Murray's translation of the *Medea*, made him his secretary. Both writers knew early on what they wanted to do and both rejoice that they have been paid to do it. In the lives of both cricket has played a part second only to music and drama. Now they have written their autobiographies, and the contrast is striking.

Mr. Cardus's is much the better book. He has in the first place far richer and more unconventional material to draw upon. Mr. Darlington came of solid middle-class professional stock; his father was an inspector of schools in Wales and a redoubtable scholar; Shrewsbury and Cambridge, the *Granta* and *Punch*, were almost inevitable for a man of his class and talents. Mr. Cardus was born in a slum; his grandmother took in washing, his grandfather was a retired policeman whose head bore bumps made on it by Charley Peace, his father, whom he never knew, was a violinist in a theatre orchestra, his mother and his aunt "grew tired of being poor but honest." He had only four years' schooling and learned his cricket on a Manchester Corporation rubbish dump. The love of music came to him suddenly and miraculously at the age of fifteen, while watching German's *Tom Jones*. He had gone because he was engrossed in Fielding's novel:

> I returned to *Tom Jones* night after night; I sold several of my precious books to obtain admission to the pit. To my amazement and delight, I discovered from now on that I could remember music without effort; my mind retained music as the kidneys secrete water.

But what makes Mr. Cardus's autobiography absorbing and impressive is not the record of his struggle against adversity:

> I do not intend to write of the boy that made good. . . . No self-help or duty or Ladders of Life for him. He declined, in a family which was always living close to the bone, to take any job which threatened permanence *qua* real industry and was not related in any way to the enjoyment of life.

What counts is his aesthetic approach to experience, in the concert hall, on the cricket field, and in life. He quotes with some resentment Ernest Newman's description of him as a "sensitised-plate critic, presumably meaning that I abandoned myself irrationally to impressions." But the description need not be at all derogatory, and its justice is plain from the exceedingly brilliant gallery of portraits the book contains, portraits of his aunt Beatrice, of such men as C. P. Scott, Haslam Mills, Samuel Langford and others of the *Manchester Guardian*, of Barrie, and of famous cricketers, the old-time professionals of Lancashire and Yorkshire especially. It is true that the "sensitised-plate" method of criticism has its defects. In Mr. Cardus's case it can lead, in this book and elsewhere, to an over-mannered, precious, self-conscious prose, so that after prolonged reading of Cardus on cricket one sympathises with Richard Tyldesley's comment: "Ah'd like to bowm at bugger soom da-ay."

It is the aesthetic attitude to life which adds the dimension to Mr. Cardus's autobiography; *I Do What I Like* lacks it. It would be difficult to read Mr. Darlington's autobiography without feeling affection for its author. But though his enthusiasm for the theatre is infectious and he has known most of the people in it during the past twenty years, though he is sensitive, intelligent and agreeable, one would not gather from his autobiography that he has ever felt or thought deeply about his experiences. At its worst, his book is superior gossip-writing; at its best, good reporting. One cannot say that the difference between *Autobiography* and *I Do What I Like* is the difference between the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Daily Telegraph;* but it is certainly the difference between a considered work and a piece of journalism.

WALTER ALLEN

THE AFGHAN BORDER

The Cruel Way. By ELLA K. MAILLART. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Well-known for the Central Asian adventure in the company of Peter Fleming that produced two such diverse books, Ella Maillart here describes another journey, by car, from Geneva to Kabul, undertaken in 1939 with a Swiss compatriot, referred to throughout as Christiana and responsible for much of the unusual flavour of the record. In a sense the book is a memorial to the complex personality of Miss Maillart's friend, but it is nevertheless a travel-book and a fascinating one. It seems almost symbolic that the journey should have started at Geneva in the last year of that doomed experiment in human organisation. Scarcely a moment of nostalgia for what they leave behind them is recorded as these two women, both of them in indifferent health, pursue their personal *Drang nach Osten* over routes immemorial but unkind, through

Captains and Kings
A Group of Miniatures
OLIVER WARNER

The "Captains" are both naval and military. The "Kings" begin with Charles the First, the last English sovereign to enjoy theology, and end with Edward the Seventh, the first to savour the delights of the motor-car. The portraits include many who, great in their own day, are not now so well remembered.

Illustrated. 7*s.* 6*d. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

THE
UNSELFISH
EGOIST
A LIFE OF JOSEPH JOUBERT
Joan Evans

"Miss Joan Evan's delightful book may well start a Joubert 'cult.' Her short volume should win for him a hundred thousand friends. She has plunged a long arm into the inexhaustible bran-tub of the eighteenth century, and fished up a handful of pure gold."—*The Observer.*

10s. 6*d. net*

THE ECONOMIC
DEVELOPMENT
OF AUSTRALIA
A. B. L. Shaw, B.A.

A masterly analysis of Australian economy from the days of rum currency to the present time.

7s. 6*d. net*

LONGMANS

Q:
A Biographical
Study
By F. BRITTAIN

An informal biography of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch illustrated by photographs and paintings, including Sir William Nicholson's portrait in colour. 15*s. net*

Macbeth
Edited by
J. DOVER WILSON
The twenty-first volume in THE NEW SHAKESPEARE.
8*s.* 6*d. net*

★

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

A NEW EDITION* OF
A STANDARD
POLITICAL TEXT

E. H. Carr
*INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS
BETWEEN THE
TWO WORLD WARS*
1919–1939

*The present edition carries the narrative down to September 3, 1939.

"A model of its kind. It is an invaluable aid to an understanding of the world of to-day."—*The Times.*

7s. 6d. net.

Professor E. H. Carr is the author of *Conditions of Peace, Soviet Impact on the Western World,* etc.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

heat and cold and squalor and extreme discomfort, and in perpetual battle with the harassments of officialdom. There are passages of tersely vivid description in the chapters that take the travellers along the Caucasus and northern Iran, and Miss Maillart has a keen and unpedantic eye for the little-known monuments along their route—the almost magical purity of Islamic proportions and the brilliance of unfading mosaics. Yet her own impatience to reach the Afghan border—partly because the roads leading there were not new to her—infects the reader throughout the first half of the book. In Afghanistan, Miss Maillart seems convinced, the posturing westernisation of the Shah's Iran can be forgotten, and she will find again a generous, untamed people with a dignity independent of their goods. She is partly rewarded. But the progressive extinction of nomadic communities perturbs her, and the factory colony at Pol-i-Khumri makes her ask: "Is it necessary that each Asiatic country should go to the bitter end of our materialistic experiment?" That was just before the war, and nothing that has happened since can be said to point to a reassuring answer to her question.

The fine illustrations with which the book is liberally provided are a tribute not merely to the author's competence as a photographer but to her victory, by a mixture of courage, cunning and good fortune, over ceaseless attempts to prevent the use of an instrument so dangerous to twentieth-century government as a camera.

FRANCIS WATSON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique* (Hallé Orch. cond. Barbirolli. H.M.V. C3563-9). *Ditto* (Concertgebouw Orch. cond. Van Beinum. Decca K1626-31). In retrospect there is something tedious about this vast, ill-conceived Fonthill Abbey of music; in performance it seldom fails to enthrall. There are innumerable beauties one had forgotten, inspirations that continue to surprise, vivid glimpses of intense feeling astonishingly translated into the poetry of sound. This "symphony" is among the sovereign instances of the triumph of Berlioz's sheer originality over his chronic defects—a shaky technical equipment and a capricious sense of what will, and what will not, come off in performance. Decision between the two new issues proved unusually hard to arrive at. Mr. Barbirolli's conduct of the work has received much commendation; in his recording the violin tone is more agreeably rendered than that of the Concertgebouw orchestra, and the strenuous brass in the Marche au Supplice is not so lacerating as Decca's. Yet I can't help feeling that something more is needed—the something more which Edouard van Beinum in fact secures. This is after all a Latin work and ought not to sound like Elgar. I conclude definitely in favour of the Decca set, which has far more *bite*, more lilt in the Valse, more thundery drums at the end of the Adagio, better tonal definition and more recession in the recording balance—and finally a better bell in the Finale (the Hallé bell sounds like a village school).

FRANCK: *Variations Symphoniques* (Eileen Joyce, with Paris Conservatoire Orch. cond. Munch. Decca K1587-8). Definitely inferior to the earlier (and still available) set in which Dame Myra Hess was the soloist (H.M.V.). Miss Joyce employs a great deal of *rubato* to very little effect, and in the Finale her playing lacks glitter. Neither orchestra nor piano is particularly well recorded, and in the two central variations the cellos are much too unresonant.

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G* (Boston Symphony Orch. cond. Koussevitsky. H.M.V. DB6457-8). An admirable set. Like so many American recordings this one is a little light on bass, a fault which shows particularly in the first movement, because there the notes given to the Continuo are of shorter value than elsewhere in the work. But the performance is exquisitely alive and rhythmically unmechanical; the solo violin and the flutes are most sensitively played. There is no over-recording.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *The Lark Ascending* (Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. cond. Malcolm Sargent. Col. DX1386-7). No doubt it was time this serene and happy piece was re-recorded: the old set, excellent in its day, now seems dated. I like the new issue very well. This is not meant to be a virtuoso piece, and Mr. Wise has caught the quietly meditative spirit in which the solo is conceived. The recording is suitably mellow and the agrarian conversation of the woodwind is always justly placed with regard to the strings.

MARCELLO: *Oboe Concerto in C minor* (Leon Goossens, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Süsskind. Col. DX1389-10). Those who pass over this set because they recall former sessions of decorous tedium in the company of the lesser eighteenth century composers, will miss a delightful surprise. Although the label does not enlighten us, this must, I think, be the Concerto Grosso of Benedetto Marcello which Bach admired so much and transcribed for piano (in D minor). The imaginative opening bars of the Adagio are a clue to the quality of this lovely and civilised work. Leon Goossens' oboe has never sounded more expressive and the strings have a fine resonance. The recording is a highly creditable job.

STRAUSS (JOHANN): *Der Zigeunerbaron—Overture* (Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. Karajan. Col. LX1009). It may be difficult to believe that any performance of this exhilarating overture could equal Bruno Walter's. Nevertheless I must assert that this one is every bit as spirited and a good deal better recorded. The slow introduction, which is a superior example of Johann Strauss's musicianly resource, could not be more beautifully realised.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Cello and Piano in A, op.* 69 (Schnabel and Fournier. H.M.V. DB6464-6). Something of a disappointment. Since the wonderful Casals set was deleted (it was already a bit ancient) there has been no recording of this lofty work available in England. The new one is a great deal better than nothing; but for two such admirable artists as Schnabel and Fournier the performance, though vigorous and accurate, is surprisingly insensitive. The recording of the piano is rather boxy.

FAURÉ: *Nocturne in A flat, op.* 33, and POULENC: *Mouvements Perpétuels* (Arthur Rubinstein. H.M.V. DB6467). One of the earlier of Fauré's thirteen Nocturnes (the set spans his composing life) and reminiscent of Liszt's *Consolations.* Rubinstein's handling of this delicate piece lacks tenderness, although the beautiful pedalling and crystalline purity of line are very remarkable. The latter quality tells even more effectively in the Poulenc pieces, which are gay and clever and entirely frivolous. The recording is excellent.

SCARLATTI: *Sonata in C minor* and *Pastorale in D minor* (Michelangeli. H.M.V. DA5380). Admirable examples of classical keyboard style. Signor Michelangeli uses the minimum of sustaining pedal, yet his control is so perfect that the tone is never unduly dry. Playing of this kind is at the furthest remove from the "inspired impromptu" manner of romantic pianists. These little sonatas have here the equanimity of a watertight argument: "Q.E.D." we feel, as the music ceases. When are we to be vouchsafed something larger and longer from this pianist—something that will *prove* his greatness?

DEBUSSY: *Ondine* and *Les Tierces Alternées* (Robert Casadesus. Col. LB61). Not one of this pianist's most successful records. To be sure, *Les Tierces Alternées* could hardly be better played: in this case neatness is all and the result pleases like a well-turned somersault. But Debussy's *Ondine*, like Ravel's, should have the opalescent beauty of a water-colour, and that means an elaborate use of the sustaining pedal. The piece loses its evocative quality when played as if it were a toccata.

CHOPIN: *Ballade No. 1 in G minor* (Louis Kentner. Col. DX1391). The best record Mr. Kentner has

The Steep Places

NORMAN ANGELL'S

searching analysis of the dangers that confront us today.
'Salutary and convincing. His pen is as vigorous and incisive as it ever was.'—JANUS (*Spectator*) 8*s.* 6*d. net*

Theme and Variations

BRUNO WALTER'S
Autobiography

'His innumerable admirers will read it with pleasure.'—J. B. PRIESTLEY (*Bookman*) 16*s. net*

Health the Unknown

JOHN COMERFORD'S

story of the Peckham experiment. *Illustrated* 7*s.* 6*d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

SECKER & WARBURG

Announce for publication
October 30th

Andre Gide
JOURNAL Vol. 1
1889 — 1913
translated by
JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Here, in the day-to-day record of the great French writer's life, is a brilliant conspectus of the social, literary and political trends of the Third French Republic which is also a candid, scholarly and revolutionary self-analysis. Valéry, Mallarmé, Wilde and Léon Blum are only a few of the figures appearing in this first of three volumes.

Demy 8vo. 25s. net

RECENT
BATSFORD
BOOKS

EDINBURGH
George Scott-Moncrieff
15/- net.

MEN OF TASTE
Martin S. Briggs
15/- net.

PHOTOGRAPHIE
1947
25/- net.

Masters of French Art

"At present better than anything that can be done here. The reproductions stand from the page with extraordinary force."—Observer

RENOIR
Introduction by
Lawrence Gowing
Just Published

Autumn titles

BRAQUE
Introduction by
Douglas Cooper
With plates personally selected by the artist

VLAMINCK
Introduction by
Patrick Heron

A few copies are still available of Van Gogh, Chagall, Matisse and Picasso. 25/- each

LINDSAY DRUMMOND

given us for some time. I do not often agree with his view of Chopin, but have on this occasion nothing to cavil at. He gives the rhapsodic style of this Ballade full scope without allowing the piece to disintegrate—as it so easily can—into melodic fragments loosely joined together by passages of brilliant figuration. This and the two previous discs are all well recorded.

Bach : *Prelude and Fugue in B minor* (Fernando Germani. H.M.V. C3604-5) and *Toccata and Fugue in D minor* (Jeanne Demessieux. Decca K1635). Of these two noble records I prefer the second, partly because the subject of the B minor Fugue is not among Bach's most interesting inventions, so that the immense expatiation and development to which it is treated only serve to emphasize its emptiness. Signor Germani never plays less than well, but the heavy registration demanded by the closing sections of the Fugue stuffs the ear uncomfortably full. On the other hand I must warmly recommend Mlle. Demessieux's record of the great D minor Toccata and Fugue. Her playing is both strong and delicate, and she achieves wonderfully imaginative effects in the Toccata. The organ of St. Mark's, North Audley St., records particularly well; there is no confusion of parts even in the most complex passages.

Schubert : *Die Schöne Müllerin* (Aksel Schiotz acc. Gerald Moore. H.M.V. DB 6252-9). Although this set has been trickling out for some time, at the rate of two discs a month, I thought it better to wait until the cycle was complete before attempting to assess it. The first point to notice about this excellent issue is that Aksel Schiotz has exactly the right kind of voice for the songs—a light, lyrical tenor which does not require the music to be transposed and follows without effort the subtly shifting emotion of the poems. The second advantage is the supremely accomplished playing of Gerald Moore. The recording of both voice and piano has been very well engineered, and the set as a whole should give great satisfaction.

Mahler : *Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen* (Eugenia Zareska with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Van Beinum. Decca K1624-5). It is easy to imagine these songs better—more sensitively—sung; indeed, our own Miss Kathleen Ferrier would almost certainly have made more of the youthful pathos they exhale. Eugenia Zareska has an agreeable voice, but her technique and the quality of her musicianship, as here displayed, do not seem to me to justify the persistence with which she has lately been identified with this work. However, the set is well worth acquiring, for it has only negative faults, the orchestra is beautifully conducted, and the recording lights up every corner of Mahler's most transparent score.

Wolf : *Gesang Weylas* and *Verborgenheit* (Paul Schoeffler acc. Ernest Lush. Decca M600). Not recommended. Herr Schoeffler is essentially an opera-singer. His voice is rich and has a wide range, but in Lieder he forces upon the vocal line a greater weight of dramatic expression than it will bear, instead of relying on tone and phrasing and diction to do the work of communication.

Wolf : *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt ;* Schumann : *Die Kartenlegerin* (Elisabeth Höngen. Col. LB62). Another opera-singer misplaced. Elisabeth Höngen's recent performance as Herodias at Covent Garden was very competent; but her voice, unassisted by acting and vocal gymnastics, is neither steady enough nor fine enough in quality to manage a song like *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.* But the recording is good, and although *Die Kartenlegerin* is a poor example of Schumann's art, amateurs of Wolf may want to possess the second of Mignon's songs, for it is very touching. It could be felt that Wolf brought to the setting of these four poems an harmonic sophistication that is rather inappropriate; but there is no denying their mysterious beauty and pathos.

Strauss (R.) : *Allerseelen* and *Ich trage meine Minne* (Richard Tauber. Parl. RO20555). Very authentic in style. The recording is faithful to Herr Tauber's luscious tone and there is plenty of piano to balance it. Climaxes better managed than in some of this singer's recent records. As for the songs, *Allerseelen* sails much too near the wind, but *Ich trage meine Minne* carries one away by genuine simplicity of feeling, and by the natural turns of the melodic line.

Mozart : *Dies Bildnis* (*Zauberflöte*) *; Nur ihrem Frieden* (*Don Giovanni*) (Hugo Meyer-Welfing, with Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. Moralt. Col. DX1385). There is something odd about this record. At first hearing the singer seems admirable in tone and technique. Gradually we become aware of a hollowness, a plumminess, an unreality, that are curiously disturbing. Can it be that Herr Meyer-Welfing possesses a very small voice that has been considerably amplified? Whatever the reason, this monotonous fluting quickly dispels attention.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
to any address in the world.
Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.
By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.
Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).
Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50.
Subscriptions may be remitted to British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
To other countries by special quotation.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1d. ; Canada, 1d.

Haydn : *On Mighty Pens* (*The Creation*) (Isobel Baillie, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Weldon. Col. DX1392). A very happy specimen of Haydn's mature style, coolly and artfully sung. The recording is pleasant, although the engineers have not yet found means of preventing some of Miss Baillie's notes from "buzzing."

Puccini : *Turandot : Weep no more, Liu ;* and *None shall sleep* (John McHugh, with Royal Opera House Orch. Cond. Collingwood. Col. DB2328). A remarkable record in every sense. Mr. McHugh's style is no doubt too intrinsically English to adapt itself with complete success to these peculiarly exotic arias; but his tenor is both pleasing and heroic, and achieves an effect which is in its way memorable. The recording is very good indeed: it is seldom that Puccini's sumptuous scoring is given so much depth and clarity.

Schubert : *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, and *Die Junge Nonne* (Kathleen Ferrier acc. Phillis Spurr. Decca K1632). Useless to beat about the bush: Miss Ferrier does not make nearly enough of Gretchen's rueful meditation. In any case this is essentially a soprano's task; but that is no excuse for delivering the climax—the still centre of the spinning wheel ("Und ach! sein Kuss!")—as if it were a flat statement like "Tea is ready." Fortunately Miss Ferrier makes up for this lapse on the other side of the disc. Her *Die Junge Nonne* (I wonder incidentally whether Schubert ever wrote a more moving and poetic song) is most beautifully and tastefully sung. Perhaps she does not extract as much from all the words as a German singer would; but the steady sweetness of her tone, the lack of emphasis, the felt simplicity—these are indeed lovely.

Handel : *Sweet Bird* ("Il Penseroso") (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. Krips. Col. LX1010). This record should appeal to most tastes. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is an agile and charming singer; the piercing quality which has somewhat diminished our pleasure in her Mozart performances at Covent Garden, does not emerge in the airy convolutions of this elaborate song. The orchestral part is adroitly played and the recording is of the very high standard we have come to associate with the issues of the Vienna Philharmonic.

Verdi : *Mercè* ("I Vespri Siciliani"); Mascagni : *Non mi resta* ("L'Amico Fritz") (Rina Gigli, with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Rignold. H.M.V. DB6459). This will never do! In the Brindisi from *I Vespri* Signorina Gigli has bitten off far more than she can chew; she even fails to discover the ogling prettiness which is Mascagni's sole stock-in-trade.

VISION OF ENGLAND
A new series of books edited by Clough and Amabel Williams-Ellis, with drawings, some in colour, about 60 photographs, reproductions in colour of 17th century and modern 4 miles to 1 inch map. 9/6 each.
DERBYSHIRE
NELLIE KIRKHAM
Out of print. New supplies November. Written with a strong historical sense and a rare capacity to interpret visual beauty, this is essentially a book on the Derbyshire countryside, for in Miss Kirkham's view—and not in hers alone—it is the countryside which gives the county its unique character.
DORSET
AUBREY DE SELINCOURT
The intimate love with which Mr. Aubrey de Selincourt writes of this beautiful English county gives special force to his criticism of its spoliation, evident here as in other parts of England.
PAUL ELEK
38 HATTON GARDEN, E.C.1

READY SHORTLY
Saint Anselm
DOM FRANCIS SALESIUS SCHMITT O.S.B.
Only one volume of this important variorum edition of Saint Anselm's work had been issued when the Nazis destroyed the edition. The complete work will be issued in six volumes of which the first three should be ready by the end of October.
Each £2 2s. net
Peploe
STANLEY CURSITOR
O.B.E. R.S.W. R.S.A.
A study of Samuel John Peploe, the Scottish painter whose colour work at one stage startled the artistic world of his day.
With colour and half-tone reproductions of Peploe's work. 25s. net
NELSON

Angels and Beasts
These eleven short stories, selected by Professor Denis Saurat, are among the best in modern French literature. The authors include Prevost, the apostle of spiritual violence, killed while fighting with the *Maquis;* Supervielle, acknowledged to-day as France's finest poet, in four stories of a strange and luminous sensibility; and Mauriac, expressing at its best the Gallic synthesis of complexity and lucidity, irony and emotion.
Crown Octavo *10s. 6d. net*
WESTHOUSE
49 Chancery Lane London

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY
104 Pages Oct.-Dec., 1947
Joint Editors:
LEONARD WOOLF
and
WILLIAM A. ROBSON
CONTENTS
Incentives and Government Policy By P. SARGANT FLORENCE
Crisis in Indonesia By CHARLES FISHER
India and the Future By JOHN COATMAN
Berlin and the Russian Zone By HEINRICH FRAENKEL
International Voting Procedures By H. R. G. GREAVES
How International is Colonial Trusteeship ? By DAVID THOMSON
The Content of Legislation By E. C. S. WADE
and Reviews of selected new books
POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION:
£1 yearly to any address, through any newsagent, or
TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

ELIOT: *Four Quartets* (T. S. Eliot. H.M.V. C3598-3603). An issue of the very first interest. These austerely beautiful poems, which probably belong with the finest art of our time, gain something in depth of feeling and musical nobility by being spoken aloud. I should advise anybody who buys this set to follow the recitation in the text. This is not easy poetry: and the process of thought which evokes the imagery and underpins the movement of the verse, is as it were handed about from one instrument to another, and the melody is not always in the treble. The composer of these Beethovenian quartets has a voice which accords well with their intellectual quality. I suggest, with some diffidence, that the pace of his reading is rather too uniform; otherwise it would be difficult to improve upon a performance which will in years to come acquire the importance of an historic record. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Horizon. Edited by CYRIL CONNOLLY. *Double Number* 5s

The full title of Mr. Connolly's double number is *Art on the American Horizon.* The editor opens with a quite brilliant discursive travel diary which may convey to the untravelled English reader more of the acrid tastes and exciting smells of the States than the so markedly less well-written Americans he is introducing. The purpose of this number is not to assess the American achievement; it is, in the editor's words, "to give a cross-section of a living ant-heap, not a case of butterflies, fast-fading and wrongly named." In the first part three authors define the problem which seems to be a typically American intensification of the difficulties common to all artists in society to-day, isolation, the groping for a tradition, and, worst, corruption by the upper-middle-brow talent-snatchers. To these groans the second part opposes poems and essays on architecture and two painters. The third section sounds the note of the regional, geographical and spiritual: geographical with a farewell to Boston and Cambridge and a sharply edged photogravure of Los Angeles from Christopher Isherwood; spiritual with a set of three scarifying persecution stories, the first of a failure, the second of the Jew, the third of a Negro. All in all, this adventurous number should swell the editor's share in the begging bowl considerably.

Week-end Competitions

No. 920

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a set of 2 riddles (with answers), the first political, the second literary, in verse or prose. Entries by October 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 917

Set by Tom Paine

It is reported that an M.P. who has recently suffered a Buchmanite change wished to review his past for the benefit of a foreign audience. He began: "Quand je regarde mon derrière, je vois qu'il est divisé en deux parties. . . ." The usual prizes are offered for examples of similar (and equally printable) felicities.

Report by Tom Paine

Too many of the large batch of entries were just rather improper translations of French. To qualify for a prize an apposite and possible setting was essential. For this reason I have ruled out many stories whose only point is, for example, that a "sage femme" is not a wise woman, nor a "femme publique" a public woman. Similarly I could not award prizes to mere examples of bad English such as the advertisement in Tokio: "Hand your luggage to us; we will send it in all directions," or the Kaffir who, in applying for a job, said "I am the sole support of my brother's seven issues, consisting of three adults and four adultresses" (J. Meek), or the notice in a Swiss hotel: "Visitors are prayed not to circulate in the Saloons in boots of the ascension" (J. J. Stavridi). I have to put into the same class K. G. T.'s two examples of mistranslations "Je suis la fille d'un curé," and the translation of *Love's Last Shift* by Colley Cibber as *La dernière chemise de l'amour.*

I could not discard all the good stories because they were chestnuts, but I had, on grounds of familiarity, to rule out so hackneyed a story as that of the married, but childless, woman who was described progressively as being inconceivable, unbearable and impregnable. Many competitors repeated the yarn of the English padre who left the French soldiers he had visited with the wish, "Dieu vous blesse," and another common entry told of the lady who complained that she had passed a bad night because she only slept well "avec deux matelots," or of the man who complained to the hotel proprietor that his "maîtresse" fell off the bed twice during the night. Another favourite was the lady who called out to the cab-driver, "Cochon, êtes-vous fiancé? Si non, prenez moi." No one repeated my pet and true story of Mr. Churchill, telling the inhabitants of Antwerp (Anvers) that he hoped "retourner à l'envers," but his apology for arriving in the uniform of "un frère aîné de la Trinité" was sent in by several competitors. A third Churchillism appears below, chosen because it is less familiar. Oxford entrants naturally harped on the well-known mistake of H. A. L. Fisher, who as Warden of New College was overheard, entertaining some foreign guests, to say, "Mais quand j'étais dans le Cabinet au-dessous de Lloyd-George." (Utraque manu).

The same mistranslation is attributed to the wives of several Prime Ministers from Mrs. Gladstone to Mrs. Baldwin. I enclose the most authentic version among the prize-winning entries. 18s each for the entries printed below.

Félix Boillot quotes an English Cabinet Minister's wife who, in reply to Clemenceau's question whether her husband would be back soon, replied:

Mon mari est allé au Cabinet, et je crois qu'il sera très longtemps parce qu'il a pris avec lui beaucoup de papiers. W. J. HALLIDAY

And as a make-weight, although I am not sure that it comes within the terms of the competition, I might add the "howler" (which never seems to be so well-known as it surely deserves to be), made by the schoolboy who translated the phrase "Tant pis, tant mieux" as "Auntie left the room, Auntie felt better." H. J. FRISBY

Games mistress in English school describing to visiting opposite number from France the activities of her pupils:

"Elles sont des oisives! Leur 'hockey' et leur 'basket ball' sont assez médiocres mais il faut avouer que leurs 'rondeurs' sont à ravir!"

A. W.

Winston Churchill, in discussion with General de Gaulle on the financing of Free French Forces during the war, is credited with this remark: Mon cher général, je veux vous assurer que devant la Vieille de Threadneedle Street je me trouve absolument impotent." DENNIS YATES

After the fall of Antwerp in October 1914 thousands of Belgians fled to our country. My parents took two French-speaking ladies into our house, an old woman of about 80, and her daughter, a lady of about 45. The old lady was terribly upset and wept so sadly when she came to us the first morning. I tried to comfort her, and thinking of a friend of mine who played the violin, I said to her: "Ne pleurez pas, Madame, bientôt mon ami viendra et il va violer un peu." J. B. POLAK

A priest went into church to hear confessions. To his dismay a lady knelt down and confessed her sins in voluble French, a language with which he was imperfectly acquainted. When she had finished there was a pause, and all that the priest could think to say was, "Vous avez, avez vous?" K. N. R.

Heard from the wife of a retired Indian civilian: Naturellement aux Indes je me couchais seulement dans une brasserie et avec un mousquetaire.

PITHECUS

STANDARD EDITION
Bernard
SHAW
PLAYS PLEASANT
•
PLAYS UNPLEASANT
•
GENEVA
containing a new Act and new Preface; *Cymbeline Refinished* (with Foreword and new last Act) and *Good King Charles.*
Constable 7/6 per vol.

Book
Tokens
are exchangeable
for any book at
almost any
bookshop
3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 21/-
plus threepence service fee
BOOKS ARE
ALWAYS IN SEASON

Notable British Trials Series
Volume 69
THE TRIAL OF
THOMAS JOHN LEY AND
LAWRENCE JOHN SMITH
Edited by
F. Tennyson Jesse, F.R.L.S.
Illustrated 15/-
★
LAND OF THE CONDOR
by Hakon Mielche
Illustrated 12/6
"... this engaging book describes Chile with characteristically Danish charm, good humour and sincerity."
—*Times Literary Supplement*
WILLIAM HODGE
& COMPANY LIMITED
London Edinburgh Glasgow

THE HOUSE W A H OF ALLEN
Seventy-five years of successful publishing
LADY
SARAH
LENNOX
by Edith Roelker Curtis
An absorbing biography of one of the loveliest and gayest figures of her day, who became the centre of a vast court intrigue. An enchanting kaleidoscope of social and political life in the late 18th century, to which the atmosphere of Holland House and other great Whig strongholds, and the abiding fascination of that Georgian era, form an entrancing background.
Published October 10. 10/6.
W. H. ALLEN

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

ANTRIM County Council. The Health Committee invites applics. for position of Deputy County Medical Officer of Health. The position has arisen in consequence of the proposed reorganisation of Health Services on a County basis, and at the outset the person appointed will have to assist the County Medical Officer of Health with these responsibilities. Person appointed will be reqd. to reside within the County and to undertake the performance of all the duties imposed on a Deputy Medical Officer of Health by Statute, and by any orders, regulations or directions from time to time given by the Committee of the Health Authority, and must devote his or her whole time to these duties. The Health Authorities (Qualifications and Duties of Medical Officers) Regulations (Northern Ireland), 1947, apply, and under the terms of these Regulations the person appointed must be a Registered Medical Practitioner and be also registered in the Medical Register as the holder of a Diploma in Sanitary Science, Public Health, or State Medicine. Copies of the above Regulations can be purchased from H.M. Stationery Office, Chichester St., Belfast, S.R. & O., 1947, No. 19. Previous exp. of general Public Health duties under a Local Authority is essential. Salary £900, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,050, plus appropriate cost of living bonus in accordance with recommendations of the National Joint Industrial Council for Local Authority Services (Scotland), and travelling exps. on Civil Service Scale. Pref. will be given to ex-service candidates possessing the required qualifics., provided that the Committee is satisfied that such candidates can fill, or within a reasonable time will be able to fill the vacant position efficiently. Appointment is subject to the approval of the Ministry of Health and Local Government for N. Ireland, and the terms of an Agreement to be entered into as to conditions of employment. Reasonable travelling exps. will be allowed to candidates called for interview. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., together with three recent testimonials, should be addressed to R. Lyttle, Secretary, Health Committee, County Courthouse, Crumlin Rd. Belfast, to be received on or before October 31, 1947.

SCOTTISH Home Dept. req. Temporary Librarian at Marine Laboratory, Torry, Aberdeen. Candidates should be University grads. and had training in a scientific library in cataloguing and indexing. The library is purely biological and scientific and reqs. to be re-catalogued. Wk. is expected to last at least a year. Added qualific. is an Associate Member of Library Association. Sal. according to qualifics. and exp., minimum £500 man, £400 woman. Write, quoting G. 38/47A, to Ministry of Labour and National Service, Room 669, York House, Kingsway, W.C.2, for applic. form, to be returned completed by Oct. 31.

THE Civil Service Commissioners announce 3 vacancies for Assistant Director of Examinations in their Dept. Both men and women are eligible. Age 25-30 on Sept. 1, 1947, but candidates with exceptional qualifics. between 30 and 40 on that date may be considered. Qualifics., Hons. Degree (pref. First Class) in Maths., English, or History. Teaching exp. will be taken into account; examining and/or interviewing exp. will be an advantage. Duties connected with setting examination papers, valuing candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, interview boards, and contact with educational bodies, etc. Salary £400-£1,100 (men)—£400-£950 (women). Applic. form and full details of sal., etc., from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 1989. Latest date for return of applic. forms Oct. 31, 1947.

B.B.C. has vacancies for Editorial Assistants in Television Service, Alexandra Palace, Wood Green, N.22. Duties of posts include assistance in compilation of documentary and talks programmes (incl. the provision and adaptation of written and visual material), the selection of artists and speakers, and assistance in production of this type of programme. Candidates must have a good educational background and wide interests, a knowl. of visual aids, and have had exp. of writing for documentary films or radio or for non-pictorial publication. Sal. on scale rising by increments of £30 to max. £680 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "Editorial Television," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. at Cane Hill Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Coulsdon, Surrey. Candidates must hold Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. Will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Sal. scale, £370, rising to £530 p.a. (commencing sal. according to exp.). For applic. form send s.a. foolscap e. to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (3075.)

ARTIST-designer (male/female) reqd. S. London dist., with good art training in decorative and figure work. Capable of applying sound artistic ability to practical needs of large manufacturing firm. Write exp. and salary reqd. Box 9398.

INTELLIGENT 1st class copy typist. Good wages, conditions. Expedite Duplicating Bureau, 51 Tothill St. S.W.1.

Appointments Vacant—Contd.

UNIVERSITY of Otago. School of Home Science, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in Design and Craft. Applics. invited for above position. Salary £750/£825 (N.Z. currency). For further information apply to High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, W.C.2, with whom applics. close on Oct. 31, 1947.

BOROUGH Road College, Isleworth, Middx. Applics. invited for appointment as Lecturer in Educ. Good opportunities for educ. research. Salary according to Pelham Scale. Further partics. and applic. form from Principal, to whom applics. should be forwarded within 2 weeks of date of this advertisement.

CORNWALL C.C. Applics. invited for post of female Welfare Officer, with a salary grade £330×£15—£375 a year, to which cost of living bonus of £48 2s. at present added. A car travelling allowance on Council's scale also paid. Candidates should possess a qualific. in Social Science, and duties will include selection of foster homes, placing and supervision of children, and supervision of hostels within area allotted to person appointed. Educ. Cttee. at present maintains five hostels, of which one is a reception centre and two for maladjusted children. Applic. forms and further partics. from Secretary for Educ., County Hall, Truro, to whom completed applics. should be submitted by October 25.

BOARDING Home at Westerham, Kent, approved by Ministry of Education, for 20 intelligent maladjusted children aged 2-7 receiving psychiatric and psychological help. Applics. invited for vacancies arising between Sept. and Jan., 1948, for year's training under direction of Ruth Thomas, Educational Psychologist. Maintenance allowance of £78 p.a. resident to applics. holding nursing, teaching or nursery qualifics., or with exp. of children. Applics. to be made as soon as possible on forms obtainable from Homes Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. W.1.

APPLICS. are invited for assistant woman club leader (Church of England) for Open Mixed Youth Club with residence at Settlement if desired. Sal. according to exp. Applics. to Warden, Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 131 Kennington Rd. Lambeth, S.E.11.

WANTED immediately, young House-mother, take charge of 5-7 year-old group. Understanding of children and some experience essential. Beltane School, Melksham, Wilts.

WANTED now, for small progressive school community gardener and odd job man. Interest in job rather than in salary essential. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

INTERESTING vacancies for Typists, Shorthand-typists and Secretaries, temporary or permanent, whole or part-time. No fees to staff. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St. S.W.1. Whitehall 0606.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Exp. temp. shthnd. typs. and telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

Appointments Wanted

GRADUATE Ex-Officer, 35, admin. and commercial exp., 1st class Ger., Ital., Fr., Hebrew and Yiddish, journalistic ability (printed evidence), sks. congenial post. Temp. appointment considered. Salary subsidiary consideration, but not less than £420 p.a. to commence or pro rata. Box 9340.

LADY secretary reqs. part-time post shthnd.-typ., book-keeping, organising, ctte. work, many years experience. Box 9366.

LADY Sec., shthd.-typist, reqs. work, evening and/or week-ends. London. Box 9384.

DEMOBILIZED Cambridge Grad., Economics and Politics, interesting Intelligence exp., thorough knowledge Europe. Fluent French and German. Proved organising ability. Initiative. Aged 25. Sks. interesting, paying job. Box 9402.

MAN, age 54, with good knowledge of Chinese language, literature, history and present-day social customs, etc., also with varied exp. of Welfare work with international organisations mostly in China, desires any useful work. Box 8911.

ABLE energetic man, analytic mind, expd. negotiator, solicits offers. Econs., legal trng. Kndge. psychology, industr. & Govt. rels. Exec., organising exp.; cttees., staff control, research, précis, reports, journalism, public relations, etc. Ex-Parliamentary candidate. Personable, adaptable, initiative. Box 8823.

YOUNG man, own typewriter, English shorthand, can type and translate Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, wants part-time work. Box 9406.

SCHOOLMASTER and Art Critic, now resident Paris, seeks post in school (art, English, French) or any interesting work, full/part time, home/abroad, e.g. writing, translating, lecturing, editorial, secretarial. Excellent references. Box 9502.

Personal

WEEK-END post required by lady secretary. London or Home Counties. Box 8656.

INDIA! London author, critic and serious journalist of younger generation, well-known, sincere friend of India and Pakistan, invites offers/suggestions enabling him and small family to work and perhaps settle in either country. Publishing, Radio, Films, etc., Lit. and organising ability combined. Box 9331.

YOUNG man of 23, living in Highgate, recovering from long illness, needs companion to suggest and take part in occupation and recreation. Interest in sports, music and art necessary. Part or full-time. Box 9429.

FURNITURE, complete for single bedroom for hire, London, £25 p.a. Box 9451.

Personal—continued

FREE week-ends. Rustic, frugal, Fruitarian Hospitality and Rly. Fare. Exchange for some sh./typing. BM/BCGX, W.C.1.

AUSTRIAN translates German/English-English/German scientific/technical, etc., reliable, quick. Box 9387.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Köllerstrom, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

WEEK-END Party, October 17-20, invites few others fond of walking and good company, also longer autumn holidays in attractive surroundings. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7.

HOW to serve meals in a manner which will retain the maximum nutriment is solved by an easily absorbed correspondence course in food values, compiled by Experts in Nutrition and Dietetics. Details: S.G.N., Catering Correspondence College, Ltd., 34/37, Aybrook St. W.1.

AUTHOR is prepared to teach (in his home) the art of writing short stories and novels to a limited number of beginners. Telephone Primrose 3871 between 4 and 6 p.m.

ESPERANTO is necessary to-day. Will Labour Party members and Socialists who wish to help to bring about its official acceptance, please write to Hilda de Vere, Bela Monto, Wrotham, Kent.

RUSSIAN lady gives Russian lessons. Box 8360.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane Street, S.W.1, advises that many articles ordered early can be executed to individual taste. Attention is drawn to hand-made toys for Christmas tree and stocking, woodware, wrought-iron, textiles, rugs, glass and pottery.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Pamphlets, Reports, Leaflets, Stationery, etc. 189 Shoreditch High St. London, E.1. Bishopsgate 7023.

YOUR handwriting portrays your personality, expert on Graphology gives opinion. Character sketch, 5s. Write BCM/HKTS, London, W.C.1.

CHARACTER Readings from Handwriting. A scientific delineation of your handwriting will reveal your true personality, possibilities and limitations. Questions answered. Fee 10s. 6d. Character Sketch 5s. Write to Robert Jamblin, BCM/VERITAS, London, W.C.1.

ONE-ACT Play Competition. Attic Theatre Club (New Play Sponsors). Prizes. Performance guaranteed. Closing date Feb. 1, 1948. S.a.e. for details. D. Macdonald Hanlon, 7 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3.

WINTER Sports! Glacier ski-ing holiday at Pontresina (also Austria). Depart Dec. 29, 1947, and Feb. 1, 1948. Lammin Tours, Ltd., 67 Blenheim Terrace, London, N.W.8. Tel.: Maida Vale 4321.

HEAL'S wish to buy glass candlesticks and candelabra with pendant lustres. Will owners please send full partics. to Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd. London, W.1.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential, 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

STORIES wanted by Agency Dept. C.20 of British Inst. of Fiction-writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St. W.1, on a 15 per cent. of sales basis (reasons given for rejection). Interesting book free.

MAYFAIR Maid sells model gowns on commission without coupons. Alterations. 6 Derby St. Curzon St. W.1.

FRENCH. A specialised Guarantee Course by post for All Examinations. Initial Fee only. No failures, tuition until successful Unique opportunity meet post-war conditions Tutor, 64 Finchley Court, London, N.3.

WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp from Mrs. Dickin, The Hill, Langport, Som.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist. Kensington 8042. Box 4684.

CONVALESCENCE and recuperation in comfortable private house. Central heating, inner spring mattresses. Rest, relaxation, graduated exercise, open air activities. Partics. from Director, Combe Hill, Honiton, Devon.

TOWERLEAZE, Bristol 9. Established 1934. 45 bedrooms (h. & c.), 30 treatment cubicles. Lift to all floors. Central heating. Individual attention. High standard of Nature Cure treatments. Write for Brochure No. 10. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Elliot. T.N. Bristol 81150.

TEMPSFORD Hall. A country house for treatment and convalescence. Continental Spa methods. Fasting treatments. All diets a speciality. Colonic lavage. Massage. Lovely gardens. Sec., Sandy, Beds. Blunham 256.

CALENDARS. Old English Customs still in being, 3s. 6d. Flowers and their Saints, 2s. 6d. both post free. Mark Savage, Upper Basildon. Reading.

BOOKS supplied by Post. New and second-hand books. Orders taken for books out of print and difficult to obtain. All books reported before supply. The Library Supply Association, 51 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. Sloane 3196.

WANTED, Stories and Articles for American journals, Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles.

VOICE Production: Public Speaking. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama). 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. Pri. 1369. Phone before 10.30 a.m.

"TRATE" has helped and satisfied many kinds of people by character readings from handwriting. Whatever your problem or lack of understanding with friends/relatives/colleagues, Graphology can help. Details: "Trate," 166 Archway Rd N.6. (Corresp. only.)

EMIGRATING? Read Abberley's "Manual for Emigrants," 8s. 6d., and his fine "Portrait of New Zealand," 12s. 6d. Tantivy Press, Malvern.

Personal—continued

AMATEUR Photographers! Our Miniature Dept. is at the service of the ambitious amateur. Personal attention given to each order. Let our many years of experience help to get the best results from your negatives. Send us a trial order and see for yourselves. Spectrocolour, Ltd., Miniature Dept., 89 Wardour St. W.1. GERrard 2337.

COFFEE. Pre-war Quality, roasted and ground day of dispatch: 1lb. 3s. 6d., 2lb. 6s. 4d., 3½lb. 10s., inc. pstg. Coffee specialists over 40 years. (14 highest awards.) Jamaica Plantations, Ltd., 118 Ballards Lane, N.3.

COLONIC Irrigation by fully-trained staff. Phone for appointment Exeter 54083.

HAVE you Cockroaches? Buy Blattis for great scientific cockroach exterminator, works wonders. Tins, 1s. 9d., 2s. 10d., 5s. Sole Makers, Howarths, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield, 10, Chemists, Boots' Branches.

ENJOY the country at home. Flowers, birds, S. Devon, Ridgeway, Beinn Eighe, poems, illustrations, etc., in *Countrygoer X*, just out. Bookshops or (2s. 8d.) 58 Frith St. W.1.

G. GAFENCO: Preliminaires de la Guerre a l'Est 14s., Derniers Jours de l'Europe 12s. 6d., as reviewed by the "Manchester Guardian," 2/9/47. Ask list other titles. Librairie Française, 17 Gillingham St. S.W.1. Victoria 1583.

CONTEMPORARY Lithographs. Original colour prints by Lynton Lamb, Edward Bawden, Edward Wadsworth and others. From 35s. Frames made to order. On view (not Sats.) at Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AT Notting Hill. Luxur. service rooms. Meals. Moderate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Bay. 0667.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 *gns*. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

HYDE Park, 2 comfortable Flatlets, h. & c., gas fires, etc., 3*gns*. single, 5*gns*. double, with bkfast. in rooms. PAD. 5361.

TO let furnished, very large double-bed-sitting room, £10 and singe bed-sitting room, 2*gns*.; cooking facilities, use of bathroom, 2 min. Tube Stn., 25 min. Leicester Sq. Tel. Hil. 1711.

BEAUTIFUL Furnished Flat available country estate S. coast Cornwall. Reasonable winter rent. Employment indoors and out if required. Box 9251.

TO let furn. small bungalow. Facing S. Country, S. Dorset. Lacey, Heather Haze, Wareham, Dorset.

FOR Sale: attractive, modernised cottage with pleasant garden, in Dorset village. Vacant possession by end of year. £3,000 or near offer. Write Box 8870.

SPACIOUS s.c. flat, modern, redecorated, facing sea, Hythe, Kent, to let furn. Oct.-April. Sitting-room, 3 bed., fitted basins, k., b., constant hot water, large hall. 5 gns. weekly. Box 9774.

OWNER long lease small house Chelsea, wishes to exchange for small cottage Sussex. Box 9349.

HAMPSTEAD, modern furn. single room service flat, cent. htg., bathroom, kitch., tel. Available Mon. mornings to Fri. mornings for country commuter. £3 per week. Box 9328.

ROOMS, 1-4, unfurn., Central London, urgently required by lady. Box 9386.

HOUSE wanted within 2 hours London. Pref. unfurnished, 4-6 rooms. Box 9803.

WRITER-Journalist, married, wants furnished flat or rooms, London. Box 9178.

REQD. London, '48, 1 small, clean room, pref. nr. Br. Mus., cheap. Rogers, Applecross, Patten's Lane, Chatham.

HOUSE reqd. for family of four. Accessible to Highbury. Mabel Eyles, 2 Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.5. Canonbury 3862.

YOUNG Doctor and wife req. for four months from Feb. 1, small furnished cottage or flat within reach of London. Box 9323.

LONDON business man, musical, literary, sks. bed-sitting room or life with family. Keen gardener, willing help in garden. Will assist housekeeping with foreign food parcels. Box 9370.

PROF. man arriving shortly from New Zealand will require, early 1948, flat/house in North/West London. Box 9337.

EX-OFFICER, teacher, wants accom., furn./unfurn., Surrey or Kent, from Dec., and will gladly help maintain gardens part return for this assistance. Box 9374.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

ENG. School in Alps. Children fr. 4 to 14 yrs.: Javelle, Salvan, Switzerland.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City. Co-educational, accommodating 220, ages 5-18. Boarding house (30 boys, 30 girls), at Digswell Park. Vacancies for a few boarders over 10 years. Apply Headmaster, J. D. Eastwood, M.A. (Oxon.).

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125).—A co-educ. community, aiming at indep., initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).